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SOWING AND REAPING.

BY J. F. SMITH,

AUTHOR OF "THE STEPMOTHER," "MINNIGREY," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER III.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere;
Heaven did a recompense as largely send;
He gave to misery all he had—a tear;
He gained from heaven—'twas all he wished—a friend.
GRAY.

The churchyard of Lowelstree was one of those spots so unmistakably English that it would be impossible to find anything resembling it in a foreign land. Most of the graves were simple mounds of earth, osier bound—adorned with flowers—and here and there with rose trees, which the hand of affection had planted. The burial-ground contained but few head-stones, and those of the humblest description—for the majority of the villagers were poor, and the one or two noble families in the neighborhood had their vaults and monuments in the church.

This extreme simplicity was, however, more than atoned by the rich emerald turf, the magnificent yew trees—the growth of centuries—and an avenue of stately elms, leading from the rectory to the south porch, dividing the cemetery into almost equal parts.

The grave of the worthy curate had been dug beneath one of the highly-decorated windows of the chancel, in a species of recess formed by two massive buttresses, relics of an earlier building, demolished during the first storms of the revolution, when so many monuments of our forefathers' genius and piety were so ruthlessly swept away, never to be restored.

Long before the procession quitted the rectory the inhabitants of Lowelstree had collected in the churchyard to pay a sad tribute of respect to the memory of their minister. The extremes of age—the hoary grandsire and the tottering infant, each with a footstep upon the threshold of time, but looking different ways; sturdy manhood, rejoicing in its strength; woman, protected by her weakness; youth, full of bright hopes and promises—all were there, to take a last look, join in the last prayer.

The parish clerk and sexton, both aged men, appeared overwhelmed with grief, as they arranged the ropes that were to lower the coffin to its final resting-place.

When the funeral entered the churchyard the crowd divided respectfully, to allow the procession to pass; then closed, and followed in an unbroken line into the sacred edifice, where they had so often listened to the simple but eloquent teachings of the dead: simple, because never too profound for their comprehension, and eloquent from their effect upon the heart.

Two persons only remained in the churchyard, John Ledger and Captain Riddle.

The last named personage had been hovering all the morning round the rectory, impatient to obtain possession of his victim, and be off.

Never had he found so little to amuse him in any place as in Lowelstree.

"It will soon be over," he muttered.

"Over!" repeated the clerk, in a querulous, mortified tone. "Did you ever see such a funeral? The coffin carried on the shoulders of common laborers, and only farmers to hold the pall! No mutes! no feathers! neither hatbands nor scarfs! nothing but miserable little bits of crape, and his brother a baronet, too! What will Sir Jasper say? after giving such strict orders that everything should be conducted on the most liberal scale! and sending me down to wind up the accounts."

"And why didn't you conduct it on the most liberal scale?" demanded his companion, with an air of surprise.

"Mr. Harold would not let me," replied the old man; "never met such singular ideas before; can't imagine where he got them. Would you believe it?" he continued, "he told me that although his father had lived and died poor, he should not be buried like a pauper, at any man's expense; insisted upon ordering and paying for everything himself. I was obliged to let him have his own way."

"Pshaw! a mere boy."

"He does not reason like a boy," said Mr. Ledger, "or, rather, there is no reasoning with him, he is so obstinate. He is to enter the counting-house; his worthy uncle, I fear, will have a great deal of trouble with him."

"Sir Jasper should have entrusted me with the direction of the funeral," observed the captain; "I'd have made it fine enough."

"I wish to goodness he had," exclaimed the clerk, despondingly, "he will be so angry."

"That aint the worst."

John Ledger looked alarmed and bewildered; he could scarcely conceive anything more terrible than the wrath of Sir Jasper Mansell.

"What do you mean? don't terrify me, Mr. Riddle!"

"There will have been no money spent," remarked the latter.

"And what has that to do with it?" demanded the old man, with surprise.

The captain gave him one of those knowing winks which convey so much or so little, according to the *experience* of the party to whom it is directed. In the present instance, it was quite thrown away—the hieroglyphics on the Temple of Luxoii, a palimpsest from Pompee, the sphynx itself could not have been a greater riddle to John Ledger.

No one ever winked at him in the city.

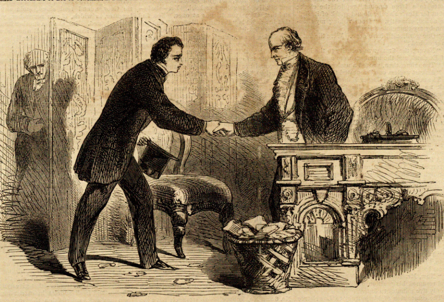
"Well, you are a green 'un and no mistake," remarked the ruffian. "Don't you understand me?"

"I don't think I understand anything since I came into the country," answered the man of figures; "can't imagine how people can make up their minds to live in a place with only trees to look at—nothing to assist the ideas; I feel quite lost in it."

"You look as if you were," said the captain, with a laugh. "Well, then, Mr. Innocent, I'll tell you what I mean. As no money has been spent, there will be no pickings for you."

"Pickings!" repeated his companion, "pickings!"

[ENTERED ACCORDING TO ACT OF CONGRESS, IN THE YEAR 1861, BY ROBERT BONNER, IN THE CLERK'S OFFICE OF THE DISTRICT COURT FOR THE SOUTHERN DISTRICT OF NEW YORK.]



SIR JASPER AND HAROLD.

"Commission, as you call it in Lombard street; but it is all the same thing, you know."

The clerk looked the speaker very hard in the face.

"What is the lubber staring at?" exclaimed the latter.

"Mr. Riddle," said the clerk, with a simplicity which was not without a certain touch of dignity, "I have been forty-five years in the house of Mansell and Company; commenced by sweeping the offices, and am not ashamed of it; got promoted to a desk, worked my way up to be senior clerk and second cashier. I have a house at Hackney, long leasehold, five pounds twelve shillings ground rent, a wife and three children, two girls and a boy, several shares in the Surrey canal, eleven hundred pounds in the three per cents., and an assurance on my life for a thousand more, besides bonuses which I have never drawn. How do you think I gained all this?"

"How the deuse should I know?" exclaimed the former, impatiently.

"*By honesty, sir! strict honesty!* I can prove to a fraction every penny I have received since the day I first entered the firm, and how it has been expended or invested. Mrs. Ledger," he added, moved by a natural love of truthfulness, and possibly by certain recollections, "might, perhaps, have been a little more clear in her accounts; but women have no head for figures, and household expenditure is rather a difficult matter to understand; the sum total, however, is down—every shilling she has ever received from me."

"All of which means," observed the captain, with a sneer, "that, when a chance comes in your way, you are too great a fool to take advantage of it."

"That is your version," said John Ledger—"too honest is mine."

By this time the funeral procession had quitted the church, and the crowd stood around the grave listening to the sublimest portion of our liturgy—the service for the dead. Even the ruffianly captain was impressed by it; and, although at a considerable distance from the group, involuntarily bared his head.

"It is all nonsense," he muttered to himself, as if to apologize for what he considered a weakness, "but somehow these things take hold upon a fellow in the country."

His companion, on the contrary, looked upon them as far more impressive in the city. Perhaps he was right. The contrast is greater—Death passing like a shadow over the surface of life, and mingling with its current.

Towards evening Captain Riddle presented himself at the rectory, to announce his departure for the following morning.

Mrs. Sparges, the housekeeper, who opened the door to him, felt strongly disposed to close it in his face—she had taken a dislike, amounting almost to aversion, to the hard-featured, sinister-looking man, who was to take her favorite Harry to sea with him.

"I don't know," she replied, "whether Mr. Harold will see you or not. This is scarcely a day for visitors."

"I am not a visitor," observed the intruder, drily; "but a master come to claim his apprentice, whose holiday is over. I have wasted time enough already in this dog hole of a place. Send the youngster to speak with me at once—or——"

The ruffian had raised his voice to a tone of menace, and spoke so loudly that his words were heard in the little study where the cousins and Tom Mayfield were seated.

"Let me see him," said the young farmer, placing his hand upon the arm of Harold, who had risen from his chair; "I am more fit to deal with him at such a moment. Don't be frightened, Harry," he added, turning to the pale-faced boy, "you are not at sea yet."

"He must not see you, Tom," replied his friend. "Besides, it is my place to act now."

The appearance of our hero in the hall at once imposed silence, not only on the captain but the angry housekeeper, who, in relating the circumstance to her friends, declared that she had never seen him look and speak so like his dear father before.

"What is the cause of this disturbance?" he asked.

"Nothing, sir," answered Mrs. Sparges; "only this—this man insists upon seeing Master Harry. He says he must take him to sea with him."

Here she burst into a flood of tears, and commenced wiping her eyes with her apron.

"Can't wait any longer, young gentleman," said Riddle, doggedly; "never was becalmed in such dull waters since I have been afloat. The coach starts at seven. I have engaged two berths—your cousin must weigh anchor in the morning—that's what this old mermaid is piping her eyes about."

"At seven!" repeated Harold.

"Yes."

"He will be ready. But I thought it was understood that this, the last day he will ever spend beneath my father's roof, was to be passed in peace."

"He can't be ready," exclaimed the housekeeper, who, womanlike, sought to postpone the evil hour, in the hope that something might occur to prevent her favorite from quitting Lowelstree. "I have all his things to look to—to be sure, they are not many—the more reason why they should be looked to; and——"

"My cousin will not require them for sea," interrupted Harold. "This gentleman will procure him an outfit. I think I understood so?"

"All right," said the captain, thrown completely off his guard by the business-like reply and manner of the speaker.

"All wrong!" muttered Mrs. Sparges, bitterly. "Poor boy, poor boy! Oh, Master Harold, if your dear father were alive, he would not trust him with a—a man like that."

"It is my uncle's arrangement," observed the youth, with difficulty maintaining that outward show of indifference he felt it necessary to keep up. "You would not have me oppose the will of Sir Jasper Mansell!"

"A sensible fellow," thought Riddle, who did not perceive the tone of bitterness in which the last words were uttered.

"To-morrow, then, at seven," he added, aloud.

"At seven," repeated Harold, "my cousin will be ready."

"I have your word."

"*You have.*"

The captain quitted the house perfectly satisfied with the arrangement. In fact, it would have been strange had he felt otherwise, seeing that, to all appearance, the speaker looked upon the separation from his cousin with indifference. Not so the housekeeper—she could scarcely control her indignation at the selfishness of her young master.

"I could not have thought it of him," she repeatedly murmured to herself. "The thought of living in London, and being adopted by his rich uncle, has changed his heart."

What surprised her still more, and provoked her almost as much, was the resignation of Harry to his destiny. In her opinion, it amounted almost to stupidity.

This feeling, however, did not prevent the kind-hearted woman from slipping a guinea into the little bundle of necessaries she prepared for his departure.

We need scarcely remind our readers that the period of which we are writing was in the good old coaching days, ere iron roads had been ploughed like a network of furrows through the country, crossing and re-crossing each other in every direction. Steam, as far as land-travelling was concerned, was still in its infancy—perhaps it can scarcely be considered out of its swaddling clothes yet—grave legislators and scientific reviewers looked upon it as a myth—practical men alone believed in it, and were laughed at for their credulity.

Time has seldom done justice to a greater error.

Punctual to the hour the Lincoln Express drove up to the inn at Lowelstree. Jack Blossom, the coachman, threw the reins to the admiring ostler, and strutted majestically into the bar to take his glass of bitters with the landlady whilst the horses were being changed.

"Any passengers?" he asked.

"Three outsiders," replied the village hostess; "two to London, one to Ailsea."

The first were Captain Riddle and his apprentice, the third Tom Mayfield.

The man to whom Sir Jasper Mansell had consigned his nephew did not feel quite sure of his prize till he saw the youth mount the back of the coach, where the young farmer was already seated. The parting with Harold had taken place at the rectory, to the extreme disgust of the housekeeper. She could scarcely refrain from telling her young master her opinion of his conduct to his cousin. Our hero read what was passing in her mind and smiled—proof, perhaps, that he did not consider himself so exceedingly heartless.

"Now, then, just look to the off leader's bearing-rein," exclaimed the coachman, as he mounted the box. "All right?" he added, looking round.

"All right," repeated the ostlers and stable-boys.

As the high-couraged animals started, the horse-cloths were snatched off, displaying the brightly-polished harness, with all the celerity of a trick in a pantomime. Jack Blossom held his team well in hand; and in a few minutes Lowelstree was left behind.

The captain appeared but slightly impressed with the beauty of the road. The quiet homesteads on either side, with the rich autumnal foliage in the background. To the pure breath of a September morning he evidently preferred the strong odor of the short cutty-pipe stuck fast between his teeth.

"Will you change places with me?" said Tom, perceiving that the smoke came full in the face of Harry, "I don't mind it."

"If you please," replied the youth, hesitatingly.

"Stay where you are, youngster," exclaimed the ruffian, placing a rude grasp upon his shoulder and forcing him down to the seat. "I don't stand no nonsense. Take a whiff," he added, drawing the pipe from his lips. "Nothing like a hair of the dog that bit you."

"No, I thank you."

"Take it," repeated Riddle, savagely, at the same time forcing the tube upon him.

In an instant it was flying over the hedge—Tom Mayfield had dashed it from his hand. The gallant fellow had taken a place by the Lincoln Express from no other motive than to protect Harry. He had promised his friend Harold to do so.

We shall see how he kept his word.

"What do you mean by that?" demanded Riddle, with an oath.

"Master Harry does not like smoking," replied the young farmer, coolly; "neither do I, although I did not chose to object to it on my own account."

"Halloo, coachman! port your helm!" roared the captain. "I've lost my pipe; stop your cattle—curse it, can't you?"

"Never pull up for any one," said Blossom.

"I've lost my pipe, I tell you."

"Get another at the next stage."

Riddle felt monstrously inclined to wreak his anger upon the unoffending youth beside him, but there was something so submissive in his demeanor—and a glance so resolute from the wiry, active-looking rustic opposite to him—that he restrained himself.

"Only wait," he thought, "till I get him on board ship."

"You haven't got him yet," mentally ejaculated Tom, who read what was passing in his mind.

At the first stage where the Express changed horses, a fourth passenger took his seat behind. Riddle, who had been accustomed to measure men—that is to say, their sinews, strength, and muscles—in almost every corner of the globe, gazed upon him with astonishment; never had he seen such a young giant as the new-comer, whose age could not have exceeded twenty, or, at the most, twenty-one. His limbs were cast in the true Saxon mould; he had a broad chest, which rose and fell as he breathed, like a blacksmith's bellows; and arms, with a pair of sledge-hammer looking fists, red and hardened by honest labor, at the end of them.

The countenance of this remarkable-looking traveller presented a singular contrast with the rest of his person. The features were mild and almost boyish in their expression; there was a merry twinkle in his clear blue eye indicating but little resolution, perhaps, but a vast amount of fun and love of mischief.

Had a painter or a poet seen him, he would have exclaimed at once, "Puck under a microscope!" We can hit upon no better simile for conveying an idea of Joe Anvil to our readers.

"Good morning, Master Harry," said the young giant, respectfully. "Thee beest a-goin' to leave us, then? sorry for it; we shall miss thee at Lowelstree."

"And I shall miss the kind friends I have left there," replied the youth, sadly.

"Shall I never get free from these infernal rustics?" muttered the captain.

"And thee, Master Tom," continued Joe Anvil, "and thee a-goin' to Lunnon, too."

"Only as far as Ailsea," answered the young farmer.

This piece of information afforded some satisfaction to the agent of Sir Jasper Mansell. It would rid him, at least, of one of his fellow-travellers, against whom, without exactly knowing why, he began to entertain an amount of suspicion.

A second hour's ride brought them to Ailsea, where the travellers had ten minutes allowed them for breakfast, the hurry and scramble of which we need not describe to those who remember the good old coaching days.

"Down with you," said Riddle, roughly, to his apprentice, who appeared to be seized with a sudden terror; "what is the fool hesitating about?"

"There is no ladder, sir."

"Ladder!" repeated the ruffian, with an oath; "once on board ship, I will cure you of such fancies."

By this time Tom Mayfield and Joe Anvil had descended, and assisted the pale, terrified boy to alight.

"Courage," whispered the former; "now is the time."

In descending from his seat, the back of the captain was necessarily turned towards him.

"Who beest thee a-stampin' on?" exclaimed Joe Anvil, with affected anger.

"Stand from the wheels, then."

"I stand where I loiks," replied the young giant.

More angry words followed between them. During the dispute, Tom Mayfield and Harry were flying along the road towards a wood on the brow of the hill, where the young farmer's dog-cart had been waiting since daybreak for him.

The pretended quarrel—pretended, at least, on one side—might have been continued some time longer but for the broad grin which stole over the honest face of the rustic, as he saw his friends disappear. Riddle caught the expression, and saw that he had been deceived, his conscience told him with what intention.

"Not sold yet," he shouted; "they must run quickly to escape me."

The boast proved to be anything but an empty one, for he started off with a swiftness that threatened soon to overtake them. Tom, perhaps, might have distanced him, but his companion soon gave signs of being beaten.

Fear, perhaps, had something to do with it.

"Five minutes more," observed the coachman, who stood watching the race with the critical eye of an amateur, "he'll have him."

"Dang me if he shall," muttered Joe, "if I have to break his neck fust."

"Only as far as the wood—hold on!" said the young farmer.

Poor Harry cast a despairing look behind him—his pursuer was drawing fearfully near.

"I can't!" he gasped; "my breath is gone!"

Tom turned suddenly round and faced the captain, who laughed scornfully. The ruffian felt no fear of him.

"Back!" cried the young farmer, thrusting his hand into the pocket of his shooting-jacket.

The warning was thrown away.

"Bat, then," added the speaker, drawing forth a cricket-ball.

He was the best bowler in the club, and the missive struck his pursuer a little below the belt, doubling him, to use his own expression, like a torn sail in a gale of wind.

A general burst of triumph broke from the spectators. Joe Anvil was in ecstacies. He laughed, danced, almost cried with delight.

"Lowelstree forever!" he shouted. "Long live Tom Mayfield! Did 'ee ever see better play nor that?" he added, appealing to the coachman.

Mr. Blossom admitted that the ball was very prettily delivered.

Meanwhile, the hero of their admiration and his companion were leisurely pursuing their way towards the wood.

Two days later, when Harold was on the point of leaving the rectory for ever, he whispered in the ear of Mrs. Sparges, who reluctantly gave him her hand at parting.

"Harry has not gone to sea. I thought you would have judged me better."

"And so I ought to have done," murmured the housekeeper, looking after him; "he has his dear, good father's heart, but a clearer head—a clearer head."

We shall see how it will serve him in the trials, temptations and vicissitudes to which youth is exposed in the overgrown Babylon called London.

CHAPTER IV.

The fawning citizen, whose love's bought dearest,
Deceives his brother when the sun shines clearest,
Gets, borrows, breaks, lets in and stops out light,
And lives a knave, to leave his son a knight.
WILLIAM BROWNE.

The firm of Sir Jasper Mansell and Company had long been looked upon as not only one of the wealthiest, but one of the most respectable houses in the city. For years, nothing approaching to an unpleasant rumor had been heard

touching its proceedings. The worst thing said, or rather hinted, went no farther than the head of the establishment being an exceedingly keen man of business, cautious and safe—exceedingly safe for himself. The world will be envious!

The banking-house, many of our readers will doubtless recollect, seeing that it has only lately been pulled down to make way for a modern structure, was a gloomy red brick mansion, with white stone facings, erected in the reign of Queen Anne, when merchants and bankers made their homes in the same locality where they made their money. A broad oaken staircase led to the upper rooms; the lower ones consisted entirely of offices, occupied by a numerous staff of clerks, and a private one, looking into a narrow court-yard, inclosed by buildings on either side, the sanctum of the head of the firm.

In this inclosure the sun rarely or never found an entrance.

Sir Jasper was seated in his room, looking over the foreign correspondence. Although exceedingly gentlemanly in his person, there was that indescribable something about him which savored of the city. Most certainly it was not dress, for his clothes were of the fashionable cut, without being too fashionable. In age, the banker was about fifty; he had close, dark hair, and whiskers slightly tinged with gray, a piercing eye, rather bushy brows, and a pleasant, well-to-do sort of smile about the lips—that is, when he was pleased; there were occasions when the expression became sinister.

"In a few minutes," said the baronet to the clerk, who announced the return of John Ledger with his nephew, "*when I ring.*"

The man of money continued to peruse his letters, making notes at the bottom, of course; one or two he placed in his desk, and turned the key.

Having finished his occupation, he called up a smile, and rang the bell.

The appearance of Harold rather surprised him. He expected to see a bashful boy—not the elegant, self-possessed young man who replied to his own acted welcome with perfect ease and good breeding.

"It has been a sad blow to us all," he observed, glancing at his nephew's deep mourning, "and I have felt it severely. My brother and myself did not meet frequently of late years, but we were excellent friends."

"My dear father ever spoke of you with kindness," replied our hero. "He had a heart large enough to love even his enemies, if he had any," he added, "and talents of no ordinary character."

"Which were absolutely thrown away in the country," said Sir Jasper. "When did you arrive?"

"Last night—too late to think of disturbing Lady Mansell and yourself by my visit."

"The fellow is no bumpkin," thought his wealthy relative; "he may be useful to me." Speaking aloud, he proceeded to assure him that his arrival had been anxiously expected.

"You will dine with me to-day," he said, "and make the acquaintance of your cousins. Speaking of cousins," he continued, "Harry has left Lowelstree by this time, I presume?"

"Two days before I took my departure."

"With Captain Riddle?"

"With Captain Riddle," repeated Harold.

"Strange I should not have seen him!" mentally ejaculated his uncle. "He cannot have sailed without informing me."

"And how does he like the prospect of going to sea?" demanded the baronet, carelessly.

"Not very well, Sir Jasper," replied the young man, unhesitatingly. "To myself, the separation was most painful; we had been companions from childhood, brothers in all but blood and name; my father never made the slightest distinction between us."

"He was wrong," said the banker; "at least, he acted unwisely. You are a Mansell, entitled to enter any society—he is an Imray. But we will not speak upon that subject now," he added; "it is a painful one, at least to me, and you are too young to enter into my feelings. Probably you would like to see over the establishment. I trust you will soon become thoroughly acquainted with it. I have no assistance from my son. Augustus is in the army; his god-father was a royal duke."

To the surprise of the great city magnate, his nephew did not appear in the slightest degree impressed by the fact that his cousin had had a royal duke for his godfather, and he began to suspect he had overrated his intelligence.

Lowelstree must be a sad out-of-the-world place, he thought.

Ringing for one of the clerks, he directed the young man to conduct Harold over the bank, and explain each department to him.

"I leave at four," he added, extending his hand; "and, like most city men, am punctual."

"I shall remember, sir."

Our hero would much rather have been left to himself to analyze the impression his uncle's words, manner, and reception had produced, whilst it was still fresh upon his mind. So entirely was he engrossed by this desire, that his conductor felt disposed to pronounce him stupid or apathetic. Not even the strong room, whose massive doors he pointed out, appeared to interest him.

"He will do no good in the city," thought the clerk.

"What place is that?" demanded Harold, pointing to the little entrance or courtyard.

"That is the garden."

"A garden, with only one tree!" observed the former, with a smile; "without flowers, sunshine or birds!"

"Beg your pardon, Mr. Mansell," said the young man, "but the sun does shine sometimes, I have seen it; and as for the birds, a pair of rooks build regularly every year in the tree in the centre, and rear their young there."

"Poor things!" murmured his hearer, unconsciously, "poor things!"

"Who is that?" he exclaimed, as an aged man, thin, and bent with age, made his appearance in the square, and seated himself upon a chair directly opposite the window of Sir Jasper's private room.

"That is old Chambers."

"A clerk?"

"No."

"Does he belong to the bank?"

"It would almost seem that the bank belonged to him," replied the clerk, laughingly. "No one knows exactly who or what he is, except Mr. Ledger, and he never speaks of him. One thing, at least, is certain—that he is a privileged person, does exactly as he pleases. They do say," he added, lowering his voice, "that the head of the firm himself cannot get rid of him."

"And why not?"

"Because Sir Jasper's father-in-law, who founded the bank, left it in his will that Mark Chambers should be allowed to reside in the rooms above as long as he lived. No one can turn him out. But I beg pardon, I forgot that I was speaking with the nephew of my employer—I ought to have been more discreet. It would cost me my situation," added the young man, "were you to repeat what I have so incautiously uttered, to your uncle; and I have a sister dependent on me."

"You need not be under the slightest uneasiness," replied our hero; "the indiscretion has been in my questioning you. I am not generally curious; but there is something in the appearance of the old man that deeply interests me."

Mark Chambers was, in truth, no common-looking personage: tall, beyond the usual hight, he appeared yet taller from his extreme attenuation. His features in youth must have been handsome, for even in age they preserved that sharp, delicate outline which gives a statue-like expression to the countenance—a resemblance heightened, in his case, by extreme paleness. The eyes were blue and piercing; there was also great determination in the thin, closely-compressed lips.

His dress consisted of a plain brown suit, such as might have been worn forty years ago by the porter of one of our great private banks, gray worsted stockings, shoes and buckles; instead of a hat, he wore a kind of black silk skull-cap, from beneath which his long white hair descended almost to his shoulders.

"I could imagine there was a poem or a mystery in that old man's life," thought Harold, as he stood gazing at him through the window of the office, dark with the dust of years. "Does he never leave the bank?" he asked.

"Never."

"Has he no friends?"

"None."

"No family?"

"His only son, I have heard, was murdered by burglars, who broke into the house nearly thirty years ago, and plundered the house of notes to a large amount," replied the clerk; "but for Heaven's sake do not speak of it, sir," he added, earnestly. "I am risking my situation by my thoughtlessness."

"One word, and I have done. Were the notes ever cashed?"

"Never; the firm gave security to the Bank of England, and the numbers were cancelled."

"The crime, then, proved a useless one?"

"A most useless one," repeated the clerk.

The nephew of Sir Jasper Mansell resolved to ask no more questions. He felt angry with himself at having betrayed what he considered a female curiosity; and yet he could not dismiss the recollection of Mark Chambers from his mind; it haunted him like a spectre, as he strolled round the Royal Exchange and the crowded approaches of the Mansion House.

"Thirty years since," he repeated to himself; "my uncle must have been a very young man then."

A few minutes before the appointed hour he returned to Lombard-street, and was passing through the clerk's office to Sir Jasper's private room, when he encountered Riddle, looking exceedingly yellow and billious.

"Which is the cashier's office?" inquired the ruffian, not recognizing him.

"I am as great a stranger as yourself," replied our hero, coolly. "How is Harry?" he added. "Is he reconciled to his ship? where is she lying? I must see him before he sails."

The captain knew the voice, and roared, with ill-suppressed passion:

"Your cousin is safe on board, young gentleman," he replied; "and as for seeing him, you must look sharp."

"Now, Mr. Riddle," said John Ledger, who had resumed his position at his beloved desk; "only five minutes to four."

The companion of his journey to Lowelstree handed a check to him over the counter.

"How will you have it?"

"A hundred in gold, and a hundred in notes."

"Two hundred pounds!" ejaculated Harold to himself. "Poor Harry's apprentice fee."

The next instant he found himself in the room with Sir Jasper, who informed him that his cousin had already sailed.

One of the two must have been deceived; we need not inform our readers which.

During the ride to Portland place, where the baronet had his private residence, he gently reproached him for what he designated a false pride, in refusing to allow John Ledger to carry out the arrangements he had made for his brother's funeral.

"Don't call it pride, uncle."

"What was it then?"

"Respect for my father's memory. He died owing no man a shilling, beloved and respected by all who knew him. Besides, I had another motive."

"Name it," said his relative.

"Perhaps I shall offend you?"

"No."

"I would not do so willingly," added Harold, "yet must risk it, for I cannot forfeit my own self-respect by acting the hypocrite. What would the inhabitants of Lowelstree have thought had they witnessed an ostentatious funeral for one who had lived and died poor as themselves? Would they not have said that instead of bread his brother gave him a stone?"

The man of gold shrank at the reproof, and sank back in his luxurious carriage without making a reply.

"I told you I should offend you," said his nephew, after a pause.

"You have not offended me," murmured Sir Jasper, "and the pain I feel arises from the impossibility of explaining my conduct, which, after all, you have no right to judge."

To this observation our hero made no reply.

"In the first place, you are too young; in the second, you possess no clue to my motives. But enough of this," added the baronet; "we this day open an account with each other. The page is fair and unsullied. Judge me as you find me—as I act towards you."

By this time they reached the mansion of the speaker. Servants in mourning liveries ushered them into the drawing-room, where Lady Mansell and her two daughters were waiting their arrival.

The elder was seated at the piano. Being handsome and vain, she scarcely condescended to notice her rustic cousin. Her sister, who was far less favored by nature in the outward graces of beauty, welcomed him with frank cordiality.

"Kiss your aunt, Harold," said Sir Jasper, good-humoredly.

Her ladyship graciously accepted the salute.

"And your cousins," added her husband.

"You forget, papa," said the eldest, haughtily, "that we have not been brought up at Lowelstree. My cousin must excuse me."

"Willingly," replied our hero, at the same time looking towards the younger one, who, as if to make amends for her sister's unkindness, walked up to him blushingly, and presented her cheek to him.

"I have often wished," said Harold, as he pressed it kindly with his lips, "that I had a sister."

"You have found one, if you please," whispered Jane.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

THE TRUE SCIENTIFIC MAN.—His mind should always be awake to devotional feeling; and in contemplating the variety and beauty of the external world, and developing its scientific wonders, he will always refer to that Infinite Wisdom through whose beneficence he is permitted to enjoy knowledge. In becoming wiser he will become better; he will rise at once in the scale of intellectual and moral existence; his increased sagacity will be subservient to a more exalted faith; and, in proportion as the vail becomes thinner through which he sees the causes of things, he will admire more the brightness of the divine light by which they are rendered perceptible.

A NEW ENGLAND SEMINARY.

BY MARY W. STANLEY GIBSON.

It is a raw October day, when, after some four or five hours of swift travelling, you step from the railway car, upon the platform belonging to T—— station. A dreary looking place it is—a little low wooden building standing in a gorge, with pine forests on either side, and a sandy looking road on the other—a road which you feel drearily certain, must lead to "the Hill." Two houses and a village store comprise the settlement; the train darts off, and you feel as if you had lost a friend, and was left alone in a "howling wilderness." Then you remember that another girl got off, from another carriage in the line, and you go in search of her. You are both alone—mistresses of yourselves and your baggage—for all necessary arrangements have been made at the school, by your families, and (whatever an English or a French young lady may be capable of,) a Yankee girl can be trusted to convey herself to school—or if needs be, to the world's end—without once feeling the need of a protector of either sex. You go into the ladies' room, and there is the girl looking disconsolately at the walls, which are scribbled over with the names of students, male or female, from the Hill. She is not pretty—she is dark and rather awkward, but there is fun and good nature in her face, and you accost her at once, and ask if she is going to school. Yes—she is—and that makes you friends at once. You find that her name is "Parthenia Blodgett," and you give her the nickname of "Patie," that sticks to her during her stay upon "The Hill." You talk over your homes and your friends until the stage coach comes that is to carry you to the village, and grow into such intimacy, that when you arrive, and are ushered into the study of the "Principal," he takes you to be old friends, and so, as a matter of course, assigns you *different* rooms. He is a tall, handsome man, with dark hair and eyes, and glossy whiskers. He wears a Spanish cloak, and a pair of gold spectacles, which last, you fancy, are more for ornament than use, and perhaps, more for a screen from behind which he can watch warily, than either. His wife is small and quiet—cold in her manner, but with a compression of the lip and a glance of the eye that tell tales. On the whole you are glad to get out, and to go down a long passage with Patie in search of your rooms.

You come to her's first, and as you knock, a voice sings out "come!" Accepting the invitation, you enter after Patie, and get a view of a small, neat looking apartment, carpeted, and warmed by a register, with a bed and toilet stand in one corner—a table covered with books in the other—a picture or two upon the walls, and a stout, indolent looking girl with fair hair, small black eyes, and a complexion like a lily, lounging in an easy chair near the register, and reading a novel. She starts up and whips it out of sight, and comes forward to welcome you both to The Hill. This is Patie's roomate, and her name (for they have a ludicrous custom here of calling the girls by their last name only,) is Burgess. She seems very good natured and offers to show you your own quarters, No. 5. This is No. 7, No. 4 is next it on the same side, No. 6 and No. 5 opposite—so strangely have the painters jumbled the figures together.

The rooms and the hall are quiet enough; but as you get nearer No. 5, a burst of laughter and the sound of gay voices fall upon your ear. Burgess says it is the noisiest room in the house, and throwing open the door after one peculiar knock, ushers you into the presence of five young ladies—two of whom are seated on the bed, while the other three are grouped around the register. All the faces turn towards you, and tingling with blushes from head to foot, you blunder through your part of the introduction, calling one of them by your own name, at last, and making them all smile. Then you sit down among them, fancying all the while you smell cigars, and watch Patie, who has a cool way of doing things, and makes herself very much at home with them at once, though they are all her seniors by three terms. As the conversation begins again, and somebody locks the door, you glance around the group curiously. You have only heard their names confusedly, yet you will never, to your dying day, forget them. Patie and Sarah Burgess are side by side, talking with Lizzie George, a tall, dark, melancholy looking girl, who, (as you afterwards hear and see) has dreadful fits of "the blues," yet is managing now to keep them in a continual titter. Her own "chum," a slight little creature, Nelly Fuller by name, whose brown curls fall to her very waist, leans on her shoulder, puts in a word here and there, and laughs sometimes—as sweetly as if her throat were full of canary birds. A graceful, starry-eyed little thing, with the round, happy face of a child, sits on the bed and plays upon a guitar, while a handsome brunette, older and more womanly looking, with an air of fashion in her dress and manner, beats time with her white hand, and so displays a handsome ruby ring upon the third finger. They also are friends and room-mates—Lucy Reynolds and Jennie Barnes—and they occupy No. 6, while Lizzie George and the gentle Nelly have No. 4. Last, but not least, in the group, is a merry, healthy looking lassie from your own native state, with the bluest of blue eyes, and the brownest of brown hair, rippling and waving about her face. Her name is Carrie—Carrie Carleton, she is your own room-mate, and from the way in which she greeted you when you came in, and in which she is hovering around you even now, you feel very sure that you shall find no fault with the partner your Principal has provided.

The twilight deepens as you all draw nearer the register—a merry group of eight. It is not term time, nor will it be till Monday, and this is only Thursday. So, without any thought of lessons to be learned, you sit and laugh at the stories they are telling about the "Scrapes" of the last term; you hear with amazement that quiet Nelly Fuller has been in disgrace some scores of times, and that your own room-mate was not far behind; that Lizzie George was nearly caught by the preceptor himself, as she rushed from No. 7 at midnight; and that Jennie Barnes has a lover, and that the ruby on her hand is an "engagement ring." You turn to look at her with reverence, and she laughs in your face, but does not deny it. That suspicious smell of cigars again! Can you believe your eyes? Is that the chubby little guitar player with a Mexican cigarito between her rosy lips, giving a light to Lizzie George herself? Are they all puffing a cloud of perfumed smoke around you; is that Carrie's laugh at your look of utter wonder?

A bell rings suddenly in the lower hall, cigaritos are dashed out of sight, hair arranged, and perfume plentifully used to remove all traces of the "weed." Again the bell—marching two and two, you meet others in the halls and on the stairs, and go down to tea in a long line, while the gentlemen (for there are some under the selfsame roof) enter by another door, and take their seats at a long table, headed by the principal and the French master. But the ladies file down behind them to another table, where the lady principal and the music teacher are waiting to receive them; and having eaten a meal beneath their awful eyes, thanks are returned, and you go back once more to your rooms. There, in the course of the evening's conversation, you learn that each hall and floor has its *clique*—that the tenants of your own passage are expected to find their intimate friends and companions within the bounds—that the same rule extends throughout the house; and looking at Carrie you feel very well satisfied that it is so. You also hear tales of the "gentlemen's court," as it is called—which is at the other end of the great building—and of the gentlemen themselves; and you listen attentively when you hear that they can call upon the ladies in the great reception-room, (a teacher being present,) or even walk home with them from the lyceums and evening meetings if they think proper so to do. You go down to prayers in the hall at nine, and fall asleep in your snug little bed, not long after, with Carrie by your side, quite convinced that going to boarding-school, especially a boarding-school like this, is the greatest piece of good fortune that can befall a girl in this world.

The days and weeks go by like a dream. Homesickness, if it comes now and then at first, is quickly banished, and you almost forget, on opening the door of your snug little room, that you ever had any other. Carrie is the nicest companion ever known—always cheerful, always ready to join in any escapade, always glad to talk to you, if you are alone, when study hours are over. Her brother George has rooms in the gentleman's court. You have seen him often, and he once smuggled a love letter to you in the corner of Carrie's shawl, that was found by Lizzie George, and read aloud, amid shouts of laughter, in which, if you remember, you and Carrie joined. But she has another brother at home, whose name is John, of whom she gives you glowing accounts; and a sister Helen, whom you would give a great deal to see. You know her home so well, too—a little white cottage, standing on the banks of the Sugar river, with farm grounds all around it. You tell her you will come and see her there one day; but, ah, you never do!

No. 5 never bore a very good reputation among the lovers of hard study and good order; but you pride yourself in thinking that it has grown rather worse since you came. You give yourself and your companions a mystic name—"The Eight," and each one tries to study less and laugh more than her neighbor. You make friends with the servants, and get the loan of certain kitchen utensils, which can be used over the register; you purloin eggs, &c., from the larder, and have midnight suppers, eaten in awful secrecy, and with muffled doors and windows. You try the bulkhead that leads into the celler, and being the slightest of all, are lowered through it, and issue shortly after, under cover of the night, your pockets filled, and your apron loaded with good things, to say nothing of two stone jars of preserves that you have managed to tie around your waist. What feasting there is that night in No. 5, and how you are praised for the brave way in which you executed your difficult and dangerous mission. If you had taken a city, you could hardly feel a prouder thrill at your heart.

As you increase in your knowledge of boarding-school ways, your restless spirit urges you on to more daring things. The eight acknowledge you as their leader—that gives you fresh courage and fresh address in extricating them from any awkward position they may get into. The holiday time of the year is fast approaching, and none of them are going home. There is snow upon the ground, and "The Hill" would be a capital place for coasting. You know where plenty of sleds could be got; and as for getting out of the house, does not a little passage, opening out of No. 6, contain a window above a shed, from which and through which egress and ingress can easily be obtained. It is a mad scheme, but that makes it all the better, and on the night before Thanksgiving Day, the eight leap out silently, one after one, and stand under the side-door of the boarding-house. All is silent. Prayers were over an hour ago, and scarcely a light twinkles in the broad front, except from the window of the principal's room. The sky is blue and the stars are bright, while the Lady Moon pours a flood of radiance on everything around. A frosty keenness in the air makes the blood tingle in your veins, and after listening a moment to see that all is safe, you set out, heading them in a run, and skirting the village common, reach a solitary cottage at the top of the hill. The boys have been there before you, and a great, red hand-sled, large enough to hold you all, has been left in the front yard, according to agreement. The hill is safe for half a mile, then the slide turns suddenly towards a lonely meadow, with a clump of pine trees in its centre. A part of the wall has been thrown down for the passage of the sleds, but it is difficult and dangerous, except for "A No. 1 steerers," and you have been told to stop short of it, by George Carlton and his "chum," who are in your secret. One after another the laughing girls find places on the sled, but the post of steersman is left vacant, and you assume it as your right. The sled is shod with the best of steel, and flies down the hill like lightning; to push it up again is no great labor, and, delighted with the sport, you all go on till the town clock strikes eleven. They stop short and look at you.

"Good gracious! what would the principal say!" exclaimed Lucy Reynolds, and then comes a burst of laughter.

"Hush!" says Nelly Fuller, "I hear bells. Perhaps they are coming this way?"

"I am sure they are," says Jennie Barnes, quietly. And listening, you all hear them distinctly; and what is far worse, know them. No one has such ones but the principal; and you remember with horror what you had all forgotten before, that he is to go by the last train to Boston that very night. Were ever poor truants caught in such a trap?

But there is yet time. You all spring upon the sled, it is your only chance of safety, and shoot away just as the well-known white horse appears upon the brow of the hill. Now, good steel runners, do your best! You go like the wind, like the arrow from the bow; but the white horse comes faster, for his master is late. The gap in the wall yawns just before you. You look round, and whisper between your set teeth: "Don't scream, even if I break your necks!" and make straight at it at the same headlong speed. A second of hideous suspense—you are through—just as the white horse bears his unconscious owner by; but careering straight towards the group of pine trees, without the power of checking or turning the course of the sled upon the glazed crust. "Roll off, roll off!" you cry, and they obey, tumbling in every direction, like so many logs. Before you can follow their example, you strike the first tree—a ringing is in your ears and all is dark.

By and by you open your eyes. Your head is lying in Carrie's lap, and the rest are rubbing your hands and feet. But Carrie is crying. You get up, a little giddy, but that is nothing—and then every one laughs heartily at their escape from two dangers—even Carrie smiles through her tears. The sled, luckily unhurt, is close at hand, and hurrying up the hill you restore it to its place, and lead your gay companions home. All is safe—and you enter one after another without any trouble, except Burgess, who has to be drawn up by the united efforts of the company, as if she were a bag of wool. You sleep soundly enough that night, and no one ever knows of your frolic.

Of course, you do not pass the three years without falling in love. At first it is your handsome music master, who is engaged, but who takes much notice of you. He marries on the New Year's Day after you come, and you shut yourself up in your room all day, and refuse to eat. Carrie looks very sober, little Lucy pities you, and Lizzie George suggests arsenic—she has just been reading the Newgate Calender. But you get over being miserable about dusk, and going down into the reception-room, (for it is a gala evening, and the gentlemen are admitted,) you make an impression on George Carlton's friend Edward—the son of a wealthy squire in the town—and the music master is quite forgotten. Edward and you play at chess that evening, under the eye of a severe teacher, but you manage to make some moves she does not see, and the boy whispers, as he says good night, that he shall dream of you, that he must see you again, and soon.

It is the beginning of the purest, the most unselfish love your heart will ever know! How eager you both are! How you write notes every hour of the day—how jealous you grow upon the slightest causes—how you watch for each other after a little tiff, and then pretend not to see—what delicious reconciliations you have, after every quarrel—ah, it is a heaven upon earth if you only saw it so! The spring-time of life, the spring-time of love, and the spring-time of the year! And one may return, but the other two, once gone, are gone forever!

The months fly quicker than ever now, and you are going to leave school—the examinations are over—the prizes given—and the last day has come. One after another, your dear friends come to say good-bye, and the great stage-coach carries them away. Edward is among the first; but he has wiped your tears away himself—he has hung a little locket around your neck, containing his picture, and he has sworn never to forget you—you can bear anything after that. So you gulp down your tears as you see the familiar faces going out at the door—oh, you never dream it is for the last time you look upon them! No—you stand with Carrie by your side, and tell them how often you will write, and how they must meet you in the autumn term, and have the same old rooms again—and so they drive away, waving their handkerchiefs and smiling as they go. Carrie goes with you to the depot—but at the door of the railway cars you have to part. You promise to come and see her soon—you kiss her—you get one last look of her sweet face as the train whirls away—and you will keep that look in your heart, though you know it not then, till the day you die!

The world lays its iron grasp upon you almost before you are out of sight of the gray tower of the Academy. You have a long, weary battle to fight, when you had thought to be at peace, and in the strife you forget the old times in a measure, and devote yourself, heart and soul, to the new. Step by step you win your way up the ladder—it is keen work, but at last you stop to breathe and look around you. The worst of life is over, and can never come back any more. You have won a name, a position, and a fortune, small though it be—but you have also learned to distrust the world and its people, and your thoughts go wandering back to that sweet time of youth, and you sigh and wish you could always have been a girl at school. You have lost sight of all the old friends—but you will find them out once more. You know well where Edward is—but a great gulf lies between you and him, and you will never meet again. Carrie though—Carrie knows something of your struggles, and will forgive your seeming desertion. You will go and see her.

You set out, and passing the old school in your way, stop there for a few hours. In the same room at the station, with the old names on the walls. You see your own there and Edward's now, and those of the eight connected by a brace, and written by little Lucy's hand. The same old stage-coach carries you up the hill, and you smile and sigh as you pass the meadow and the pines, where you so nearly broke your neck, and the necks of your friends. The streets are unchanged; there is the post office, with the jeweller's shop and the lawyer's office attached, but the boarding house is altered into a hotel. You stop there and ask to see the old rooms; you have your dinner in No. 5, and the waiter remembers you, and tells you of your old friends. Burgess is a judge's lady, and Jennie the wife of a Senator; Patie has a boarding school of her own in her native town, and Nellie and Lizzie George have gone South together as planters' wives. Little Lucy also was married, but she is dead! And Carrie? He does not know about her. You stroll about the town, seeing the old spots filled with new faces, and growing sadder and sadder every moment. At three you start for Carrie's home, and the soft July twilight finds you standing at the door of the little white cottage on the banks of the Sugar River. "Miss Carrie?" you say eagerly to the servant who answers your knock, and the girl looks scared. A tall lady dressed in deep mourning comes into the hall; you look at her dress, and the truth flashes dizzily into your mind, as you stagger forward and tell her your name.

In the moonlight of that evening she leads you into the quiet village churchyard, and leaves you beside a mound not very long nor very wide, covered with violets and sweet brier roses, her favorite flowers. You read on the marble stone, "Carrie—Ætat 17." "Of such are the kingdom of God." You kneel down and your tears fall among the violets; "Has it all come to this? Are they all gone, and shall I never meet them again?" All gone—yes, for the fashion of this world passeth away, but there is another. And years after, in a foreign land, you remember that quiet grave, and in the light of a new faith you see that, more than anything else, it taught you that there was no love that could last except the love of God, and so brought you, step by step, out of an unsatisfying world, into the presence of Him who will one day take you to His eternal home?

BE CAREFUL IN SELECTING YOUR ASSOCIATES.—Sophronius, a wise teacher, would not suffer his grown up sons and daughters to associate with those whose conduct was not pure and upright. "Dear father," said the gentle Eulalie to him one day, when he forbade her, in company with her brother, to visit the volatile Lucinda, "you must think us very childish, if you imagine that we should be exposed to danger by it." The father took in silence a dead coal from the hearth, and reached it to his daughter. "It will not hurt you, my child; take it." Eulalie did so, and behold, her delicate white hand was soiled and blackened, and, as it chanced, her white dress also. "We cannot be too careful in handling coals," said Eulalie, in vexation. "Yes, truly," said her father. "You see, my child, that coals, even if they do not burn, will blacken. So it is ever with the company of the vicious."

EMPLOYMENT OF TIME.—Life may be eked out with pleasure, but it must be mainly filled up with business; and he who should persevere in the vain attempt to fill up his time with amusements, would then find it too late to take up any serious pursuits, and be compelled to drag on a miserable existence, haunted by the ghosts of his defunct pleasures, in the shape of ennui, restlessness and melancholy.

THE PENITENT'S PRAYER.

O Thou, whose eye all hearts can see—
Who all our joys and woes can share—
Bend Thou, benignly, unto me,
And listen to the contrite's prayer!

Say to my restless spirit—"Peace!"
To my rebellious soul—" be still!"
Bid my ungrateful murm'rings cease—
And bow me humbly to Thy will!

Break Thou my cold and haughty pride—
Tame Thou my wild, impulsive heart—
My wayward footsteps safely guide,
Where Thou, all-loving, waiting art!

Wash thou my sin-stained garments white—
Make my soul's vesture whole and pure
Open mine eyes to see the light
Of Thy Word, sacred, holy, sure!

Make me a little child again,
And lead me with a Father's hand,
That I may run, all trustingly,
Wherever, Lord, Thou dost command!

Take me, when I am done with earth,
To make my home, for aye, with Thee—
Give me, thro' a heavenly birth,
A life of immortality!

HAROLD.

DON BARTOLO;
OR,
FORTUNE'S FREAKS.

BY DR S. COMPTON SMITH.

"In 1826," said the friend who told me this story, "I landed at the Peruvian port of Arequipa, and after stopping a few days to arrange some preliminary business with the commercial house to which I had brought letters, I procured a number of mules to transport my baggage and provisions for the journey, and with the necessary number of peons to take charge of them, and to act as guides, took my departure for the interior.

"I had been employed as an attorney to settle the somewhat complicated concerns of an insolvent Mining Company, whose speculation had turned out to be a sad, losing affair, involving the interests of my clients to a considerable extent.

"My first destination was to the little mining city of Puno, in the vicinity of which was situated one of the establishments of the company.

"I had been several days on the journey, and had reached within a single day's travel of the place, when, after encamping for the night in a deep, mountain valley, the rascally peons decamped, taking with them my knave of a Portuguese servant, together with the leader pack-mule and my own saddle-horse; leaving me entirely alone in that wild glen, and probably leagues away from any human habitation.

"My situation was anything but enviable. For awhile, after I discovered their desertion, I chafed at the treachery of the fellows; but when I examined the baggage the knaves had left behind, and ascertained that not only my money, but the papers relating to the business that had brought me to the country were safe, I checked the angry thoughts that were rising to my lips, and congratulated myself that matters were no worse. What to do, however, situated as I was in that lonely spot, and altogether unacquainted with the country, which was covered with a network of mule-paths, I hardly knew. But after an hour's reflection, I determined to remain where I was till some party of muleteers or other travellers should pass the valley, with whom I could again resume my journey.

"Fortunately, the spot where we had halted was a regular camping ground, and before night I was gladdened by the sound of an approaching mule-bell, and was soon joined by a company of peons, with whom on the following morning I recommenced my journey, and reached Puno in safety. Here I had the good luck to recover my horse, but never again encountered my treacherous companions of the road.

"After several weeks of incessant labor, and assisted by the *administrador* and his obliging clerks, I succeeded in arranging the affairs of this establishment, and prepared to leave the place on my way to another *mina*, which was situated on the other side of the Sierra, in Bolivia. But before undertaking this long and toilsome journey it was necessary that I should be provided with a faithful and experienced servant, who could act as cook, groom, and man of all work. The difficulty of securing servants of this class in South America I had frequently heard of, and now experienced.. For several days I was engaged in making inquiries for a suitable person, but among the numerous applicants none were such as I felt it safe, with my recent experience, to engage.

"At length, as I was about to give up the search in despair, I was called upon by a Spaniard, of a rather prepossessing countenance and address, whose appearance, in spite of his wretched habiliments, interested me in his behalf. As he entered the room where I was engaged in writing letters, the Spaniard courteously saluted me, and approaching to the middle of the floor, inquired if I had yet been successful in engaging the services of a servant.

"'No,' I answered; 'have you any friend to recommend?' I asked the question, hardly imagining that my visitor was in search of such employment for himself, for I immediately perceived by his manners, and the peculiar tone of his voice, that it was an office to which he had never yet descended.

"'Yes, Señor,' said he, with what I thought was a painful sort of smile, 'I wish to recommend the only friend I have in this country, which is myself.'

"'You! wish to engage as a *servant!*' and I was about to put the usual questions of 'What can *you* do? can *you* rub down a horse and saddle him? can *you* cook an alla? can *you* wash dishes and run errands?' &c., which are propounded to similar applicants. But I saw something in the haughty curl of the Spaniard's lip, which checked the words before they were uttered, and I contented myself by simply asking him to whom I should refer for a character.

"'You require reference, do you, Señor?' he replied, with a tone of injured dignity, which I thought he had no right to assume, and then, throwing himself into an attitude that I regarded as extremely disrespectful, to say the least, he continued—'You may refer to whoever you please, Señor. But although I have been a resident of this miserable town for the last six months, I doubt if there is a person in it who knows me. Yet I hope there is in the world some solitary occasion in which the accident of a man's being destitute of friends need not make him a subject of doubt or suspicion, or obstruct his honest endeavors to better his condition.'

"'Oh, you think so, do you?' said I; 'and in truth, my friend, I more than half agree with you. And that reminds me that I also am a stranger in the country like yourself, far from friends and resources, and I greatly doubt if my present means will warrant me in engaging your services. I fear you will expect a larger remuneration than I can afford.'

"'Oh, Señor!' was his instant reply, as he raised himself once more to an upright position, while his nostrils were dilated with an expression of pride, 'you misunderstand me. I do not ask for your money. All I require is my daily bread, and a free conduct to Bolivia. If, when we reach your destination, you should see fit to give me some assistance to enable me to reach my native country, I shall feel myself eternally your debtor. I will accept of no wages, but will, nevertheless, prove myself a faithful, and, I trust, efficient servant.'

These last words were uttered under the thinly disguised pangs of a wounded spirit, which can scarcely be understood by those who have never experienced the sufferings of honorable adversity. I appreciated them, and felt myself immediately subdued.

"'You can call again to-morrow morning,' said I.

"'*Muy bueno*,' (very good,) replied the Spaniard, and with a military salute he left the apartment.

"In the meantime I made several inquiries about the man. But all that I could learn was that he was a Spaniard, and had served in the royal army against the liberals. As such he had rendered himself repugnant to popular regards, and was looked upon something in the light of an enemy. But none pretended to know any evil against him, other than the above fact—for aught they knew the man was honest, though he might be a rogue.

"'There was a time when it was no disgrace to have been a soldier, and to have served in the armies of Spain,' I thought, 'and when a Spaniard's integrity none dared to doubt. His word was a sacred bond, and so considered all over the world. Surely the noble principles which once warmed the breast of the humblest Spaniard cannot yet have been all extinguished. I shall e'en take this poor fellow into my employ. I might go farther and fare worse.'

"With this determination I concluded the final arrangements for my journey, and awaited the return of the Spaniard.

"Early in the morning he made his appearance, and when informed of my determination of taking him into my service, he expressed, in a quiet way, as much gratification as if I had suddenly presented him with the title deeds of a valuable estate.

"'I have been told,' said I, 'that you are a Spaniard, and have served your king as a soldier in this country?'

"'*Es ver dad señor* (it is true, sir,) I have been so unfortunate, as the creoles regard it, and my fidelity to my king and country has been the cause of my poverty, which I hope will not always continue.'

"'I hope not,' said I. 'And now Bartolo, as you are regularly installed into office, you may go into the patio and assist the peons in preparing for our journey, which we will commence this day. You will find there a saddle animal for your own use.

"The man left the room, but with a manner which convinced me more than ever, that the office of 'man of all work' was one entirely new to him, and I almost began to regret that I had engaged him.

"But contrary to my fears, the Spaniard proved a most faithful and attentive fellow—ever ready to perform any service, which, during our long and tedious journey, devolved upon him. I am sure that in the three years I was detained by my business in South America, it was never my good fortune to employ so valuable and trusty a servant. He could cook an olla to a turn; and as for his *chile con carne*, it exceeded in relish anything of the kind I had ever tasted; while under his grooming my saddle horses improved daily in condition and spirit. In short he was all that a traveller over the sierras and pampas of that country could desire in a valet.

"On reaching my destination in Bolivia, I paid off my peons and bid them God speed on their return to Puno. As for Bartolo, I was desirous to retain him with me as long as possible. But knowing the poor fellow's destitution as regarded his wardrobe, I sent for him, and paid him also.

"At first he refused to touch the gold, insisting that the terms of his engagement had already been complied with. He had had food and safe conduct into the country, and that was all he had any right to accept. But after a while I overcame his scruples, and on his accepting the money, proposed to him to remain with me till I left the country. But this he declined, saying that with the amount of his wages, he could reach the Atlantic coast, and trust to fortune for a passage to his beloved Spain, from which he had now been absent nearly twenty years.

"'Twenty years!' I repeated, 'surely that is a long time to be absent from one's native land!'

"'True, señor,' was the reply, 'and for sixteen of them I served in the royal army—from the very beginning to the ending of the revolutionary troubles of this country. And that I have not always occupied my present position, these papers will show.'

"Saying this, the Spaniard, with an expression of lofty pride I had never before observed in him, drew from his pocket a dilapidated wallet, from which he selected a number of documents, and after placing them in my hands walked proudly out of the room.

"The first paper I opened proved to be a king's commission, dated December, 1815, 'appointing the Lieutenant Don Bartolo Maria de Morales, to be Captain in the regiment of Santa Diego', 68, *vice* Captain Don Pedro Llano, killed in action.'

"'*Captain! Don Bartolo!*' said I, with astonishment, as I took up the next document and opened it.

"This was dated four years later than the first, in the city of La Paz, by which it appeared that Captain Don Bartolo M. de Morales, had, by order of the General of his division, presented himself to receive an arrear of pay amounting to one thousand pesos, the half of which, as the certificate set forth, the recipient had generously donated (as became a good and faithful subject, and in consequence of the urgency of the times,) to the use and benefit of the government, &c.'

"'*This*, Captain Don Bartolo,' thought I, 'is good and sufficent evidence of your loyalty and generosity; now for the next and third document.'

"This proved to be another commission, dated July, 1823, and signed by the viceroy, La Serna, promoting Don Bartolo from the rank of Captain in the 68th regiment of Santa Diego, to that of Lieutenant Colonel in the viceroy's own regiment of Lancers.

"This was certainly rapid promotion, and I was prepared for the announcement which met my eye on opening the fourth document, which was a commission appointing 'the brave Lieutenant Colonel Don Bartolo Maria de Morales, to coloneley and command of the "*siempre fiel*" (ever faithful) *Regiment de Los Lanceros de La Serna*.'

"I cannot say why it was; but it is certain, that on reading these papers, I felt positively ashamed at my want of perception in not immediately, on our first interview, recognizing in the owner of them the gentleman I am now satisfied he was. I felt as if I had committed an offence in employing him in the menial capacity of a servant, and consulted with myself what form of apology I should frame on his return.

"But there were still other papers to be examined. These were dated after the game of war had been played out in South America. One was from the patriot general Montesino, to whom, after a desperate, but unfortunate battle, the forces under the Colonel Don Bartolo had surrendered. This document, after certifying to the gallant conduct of the royal officer and the division under his command, concluded by granting 'the said Col. Don Bartolo a free passport, together with his *servants* and baggage, to the city of Lapaz.' This was enclosed in another certificate, which was dated at Potosi, in June 1825, to the following effect, viz.: 'That Colonel Don Bartolo Maria de Morales is one of those brave officers who served with honor in the Spanish army in South America, till the final annihilation of the royal cause.' This was signed by another patriot general then in command at the city of Potosi.

"The other papers were receipts for various sums of money, which the generous Spaniard had bestowed, in the shape of loans, upon destitute former companions-in-arms. These sums, at first considerable, at length diminished to small amounts, showing the gradual depletion of his purse, till, as it appeared, he was reduced to apply to me for the menial position, which would furnish him with his daily bread.

"My next interview with the ex-colonel was of a far different character from that of our first acquaintance; and, without referring to the position which he had recently occupied, I begged him to consider me as his friend, and one who could appreciate and honor a *gentleman* wherever I might chance to find him.

"In reply, he assured me that he had nothing to complain of my treatment towards him; but, upon the contrary, felt himself under a very heavy debt of gratitude to me for my uniform kindness and consideration.

"Before I was fairly established in my new quarters, *Don* Bartolo called to bid me *adois*, and so say that a chance had presented to accompany a party to the navigable waters of the Amazon, from whence he could easily find his way to the coast.

"I now prevailed upon him to accept as a loan a sufficient sum of money to take him in a respectable way, not only to the coast, but to his native country.

"'But, my dear friend,' he exclaimed, 'how shall I ever repay this kindness! This is a large sum of money; and how know you I shall ever have it in my power to return it? What security can I give you?'

"'The honor of a Spanish gentleman is sufficient security, Don Bartolo,' I replied.

"'Heaven bless you, my more than friend;' and folding me in a warm embrace, and too full of emotion to utter more, he left me. The next morning I heard of this departure across the continent.

"Five years after this event, and when many of the incidents of my sojourn in South America had passed from my mind, I happened to be in the Spanish island of Puerto Rico, when one day, in walking the streets of San Juan, I stopped in front of the palace to admire its peculiar architecture. As I was standing thus, under the shade of a palm, I was surprised by the respectful salutation of a richly uniformed officer, who, approaching the spot, invited me, in the name of his excellency, the Captain-General, to enter the palace. Supposing the object of this courtesy was to gratify my curiosity, with a view of the interior of the building, I thanked the officer and accompanied him.

"I was introduced into a magnificent private saloon, where I was requested to be seated, and await the entrance of the Captain-General, who, the aid-de-camp informed me, would be happy to meet an old friend.

"Wondering what mistake this could be, and how the adventure would terminate, I seated myself by a delicious fountain that threw its sparkling jets from the centre of the apartment. But a few minutes passed when I heard hurried steps approaching, and there entered a dignified and military-looking gentleman, who advancing hastily to me, and calling me by name, threw his arms about my person and strained me to his breast in a truly Spanish embrace.

"The first explanation was sufficient to explain the mystery. I had once more met my whilom servant and friend, Don Bartolo Maria de Morales, now Captain-General of Puerto Rico.

"He had seen me standing in front of the palace, and instantly recognized me. As may be imagined, my stay in the beautiful island was made extremely delightful, and my good friend and myself had many a hearty laugh over our adventures in South America."

THE RESULT OF AN ACCIDENT.

Anna Marshall had been reared in luxury. Her father, a rich professional man, in a large city, had been able to command every advantage for his only daughter. She had attended the best schools, and seen the best society. But among all the persons she had known, none claimed her true friendship like her cousin Kesiah, or as she was usually called Kizzie Leonard. Kizzie was as well educated as herself, as perfect a lady, though only the child of a rich farmer. Kizzie had spent months at her home, mingling with her in society, and treated in all things as the daughter of the house; for Mr. Marshall never forgot that he himself had sprung from the humble agricultural class, and his wife was his helpmeet in all things. But Kizzie had never, until the summer in which our story opens, insisted on a visit from Anna at her own home.

She had dreaded Aunt Roosey's queer ways, and startlingly abrupt manners, and she had not till then learned enough of housewifely ways to be able to ensure her guest's comfort. She knew that her cousin Dill, too, who had fallen desperately in love with Anna, though handsome as a young prince, was awkward and shy. He had been well educated, as far as schools go, but boys do not learn manners as a part of their education, and Kizzie wanted to take him in hand before Anna saw him.

So at last all things were ready, and Anna came to pay her promised visit. She had been at Leonard farm but a few days, not long enough to get used to Aunt Roosey, Kizzie thought, when an accident happened that confined her to her bed for several days, and gave Dill's love time to ripen. "I know I am not worthy of her *now*," said the honest young farmer, "but I *will be*, if I live."

Kizzie was mistaken. Anna appreciated, with a real zest, Aunt Roosey's quaintness, without a taint of vulgarity. She could even laugh, without a shadow of a sneer, while the good woman held forth to her neighbors, in the room beyond, on the subject of her accident, and asserted that if it hadn't been for them are "thin city shoes, that warn't a bit better than so much brown paper, she wouldn't ha' got her foot hurt, nor ketched cold; and she hoped it would be a warnin' to all city gals to wear thick shoes when they came into the country, if they didn't no other time."

After a time it began to dawn upon Anna's mind that she liked Dill better than any one she had ever seen. He was so handsome, he had a voice that was music itself, in its deep, yet clear and ringing tones; he read aloud so admirably; he conversed so well on a wide range of topics; and was so true and genuine in character; and, above all, he loved her so much.

She began to wish that he was not a farmer, that his family, except Kizzie, were a little more presentable, and, above all, that they had not such queer names.

"Aunt Roosey," she said, one day, as the old lady sat by the side of her couch preparing strawberries for tea, "isn't your name Rose or Rosa? I should think you would like to be called so better than Roosey."

"La me! If you wouldn't give me one of them new-fangled names! Roosey's a nickname, to be sure, but it's better, and easier spoken, than Arethusa, anyhow. My folks was always powerful on names; they mostly give Scripter names; but mine came out of some poetry book, I believe."

"But I like your real name better than Roosey," said Anna.

"I don't. I'm satisfied, and I wish Dill and Kizzie were too. Dill, Jehoakim Dilloway's his name, never'd a got such a contemptible nickname as Dill, if his mother hadn't a named him after her uncle Dilloway, who promised to give him his farm for the name, and then went and got married to a young wife, and died without a will, and she and her children got every dollar he owned. Sister used to cry about it, in her last sickness, and say she wished she'd named him Nehemiah, as she wanted to; and she often said if she should live to have a dozen sons, she'd name them all Nehemiah.

"And Kizzie?"

"Oh, Keziah's a good Scripter name, too. You like Scripter names, don't you? I guess your folks do, anyhow; for they named you Anny, and your father's name is Dannel, and your mother's Mary, aint they?"

Anna assented, though venturing to say that there might be a choice even in Scripture names, the shortest ones being usually preferable; but Aunt Roosey seemed shocked, and went away, closing the conversation by saying, that, for her part, she couldn't have too much of a good thing, and she was afraid it was wicked to find fault with anything that was in the Bible.

This conversation did not assist Anna much in her embarrassment. A farmer with such a name! And one of a family given to such names! Anna had not reached that stage of love's experience when the personality of the beloved object becomes alone worthy of thought, and is exalted above all surrounding and adventitious circumstances.

Anna went home. She remained for some years in her father's house. Offers she received, many, but she was insensible to all their flattery. Society said she would be an old maid. She did not regret its verdict, for she knew, and her parents felt with serene joy, that she was maturing into a higher state of being; they, at least, saw that she was becoming a noble woman, worthy of the high trust of a good man's happiness, and enimently capable, if she never married, of the not less exalted trust of her own career.

And meanwhile Dill Leonard was busy at the task—so long ago imposed upon himself—of making himself worthy of the lady of his love.

Ten years had passed away, the girl of eighteen had become the woman of twenty-eight. Kizzie had long been a wife and mother, while Aunt Roosey reigned supreme at Leonard farm. And where was the young farmer-prince?

A sovereign people had bestowed upon their beloved and trusted representative the highest honors in their gift. He occupied a place in the National Legislature, as the champion and exponent of ideas, truly conservative, but which were known as liberal opinions. Already his name was on men's lips, and his fame had spread abroad.

And he and Anna met once more at Washington, wither she had accompanied her father on a journey of official business.

Dill was worthy now. He was a modest man, but his powers had been tested, and he dared not underrate them while devoted to his country's use. He felt that he was worthy even of the grand creature into which Anna had matured; and he was glad of that which she had become for both their sakes; for his soul was as pure, his name as spotless, as when he held her in his arms all those years ago, and silently vowed himself to the work he had accomplished.

It needs not to tell of the bridal that soon followed this meeting, nor of Aunt Roosey's delight in her new station of housekeeper at the villa the wedded pair inhabited, or in discoursing to wondering groups of "neighbor women" of the accident of long ago, and asserting that "if it hadn't a bin for *that*, Anny Marshall would never ha' bin Dill Leonard's wife."

HONOR AMONG SISTERS.

There is not a friend, except the mother, that is so true and unselfish as the sister. There is hardly a fairer sight upon earth than a band of youthful sisters, bound together by the tender ties of household love. They that have own dear sisters are never desolate, no matter what disasters befall, and grateful should they be for the goodness of God in bestowing upon them gifts so kind and valuable. But in this world there is no good thing that has not *some* disadvantages, and even the blessing of a sister may be sadly counterbalanced by that sister's habits.

All people now-a-days come into the world very young, and they have many things to learn, as well of manners and proprieties as of morals. In the intimate relationships of the household, there are dangers that *individuality* and its rights will be overlooked or *overborne*, and against these all young people should guard themselves. Let no sister and no brother say, "My sister or my brother has no need to have a secret from *me*," and thereupon open another's trunk, or private draw, or box, to see what may be therein concealed.

Every living soul has a perfect right to its own privacies, and no living creature has *the slightest right* to violate them.

When one sister, suspecting that another has a secret which she would keep in her own possession, sets herself to discover what that secret is, or when she listens at her sister's door, or examines her sister's private desk, or breaks the seal of her sister's letter, she is doing mean, *mean* acts, and although in a young, unformed character, such things may be more readily excused than in a man or woman, she is laying for herself the foundations of an essentially contemptible character. She must quit all such conduct, *quick*, or the seed she sows will cause her to reap a harvest of distrust, aversion and contempt from all who shall know her in her mature days. For, think what they may, hide their habits as craftily as they may, such persons are always known—"spotted" is the most expressive phrase.

The young person who, by the most effective of all force pumps, "You *don't love me*, or you would tell me that," extorts from brother, sister, or intimate friend an unwilling communication, plays the selfish and dishonorable part of Delilah. Such faulty curiosity never ought to be gratified.

No young person, not even your twin, has a right to judge for you what you shall tell, or what you shall keep, and to assume such a right over you is to treat you with injustice and indignity. *Do not allow it.* Parents are the only absolute judges of their children, and even parents cannot justly claim the right of diving into all the secrets of their children after they are grown. Let every adult, whether young or old, *maintain* the right given by God. "My own affairs are to be imparted, or not, as I choose. My secrets are my own. My personality is to be respected *by every one*, however near and dear. *Hands off; let what does not belong to you, nor concern you*, ALONE."

A. M.

WIT AND WISDOM.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED—PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR THE LEDGER BY GEO. D. PRENTICE.

IT is not a more unusual sight to see a poor man, who thinks, acts, and speaks for himself, than to see a rich man who performs all these important functions at the will of another.

SOME persons will tell you that they recovered from sickness *although* they were given over, when they might with more reason say that they recovered *because* they were given over.

WE have a thousand recipes to live long, for one to live well; and hence the use of the present which we have is thrown away in idle schemes for abusing that future we may never have.

OUR nearest blood relations, perhaps, are musquitoes, and, although they have bed and board with us, and draw freely on us during our lives, we are never willing to provide for them in our wills.

HAPPINESS mocks the rich with the empty show of a visit, by sending to their mansions all her equipage, her pomp and her train, but she comes not herself.

As the moon, whether visible or invisible, has power over the tides of the ocean, so the face of the loved one, whether present or absent, controls the tides of the soul.

MANY people seem to imagine that God keeps a gracious apothecary shop above, with faith, and meekness, and humility, put up in bottles ready for purchasers.

MEN who use water from leaden pipes sometimes die, as soldiers occasionally do, from getting too much lead into their systems.

FEEBLE old men, as often as at each step they set their staves upon the ground, are knocking at the door of the grave.

IN life, as in nature, the morning shadows soon fade away, while those of evening reach forward into the night, and mingle with the coming darkness.

DON'T hesitate to show a lounger that you are tired of him, as you are indebted for his visit solely to the fact of his being tired of himself.

MANY have dreaded death as an evil without end, although it is in their power to make him the end of all evil.

EVERY tasteful traveller upon the highway enjoys the superb mansion he looks at more than the stupid owner can.

YOUR political editor is a hard case. Death may no doubt mow him down, but not without making a big gap in his scythe.

REMEMBER, dear bachelors, that a tree with a vine winding about it never lives long.

A PHILOSOPHER looks through an auger-hole at the universe, and thinks he comprehends it.

FOLLY would do but very little mischief, if, fortunately, it were confined to fools.

TRUST not to appearances; a man in a clean shirt may do a very dirty action.

THE human spirit is like an eagle—the higher it rises from the earth, the more awful is its solitude.

IT is a paradox that the more a fop swells the smaller he looks.

BETTER than he who wipes away a tear is he who prevents it from starting.

OUR *spring* days are our dancing days; our *fall* days our skating and sliding days.

WHEN a great man opens his mouth, the world itself stands open-mouthed.

DON'T addict yourself to grinning; a skull can beat you at that.

IT is as bad to have nothing to live for as it is to have nothing to live on.

THOSE who teach the people to read are doing all they can to extend the influence of those who write.

LOVE causes a pulling of caps by one sex, and an exploding of caps by the other.

REMEMBER, ladies, that all the females who paint their faces are colored women.

MERE word-fights are the most unprofitable kind of wind-mills.

CURRENT ITEMS.

A POLICEMAN in Jersey City, meeting a couple of suspicious looking persons, questioned them, and receiving evasive answers, attempted to arrest them. He seized one, when the other ran away, and being pursued by three other policemen, whom the first summoned to his assistance, he drew a large carving knife, with which he threatened the life of any one who should molest him; but a few pistol shots brought him to terms, when both of the rascals were locked up, after which a quantity of valuable property found on them was identified by a citizen of Hoboken as having been stolen from his store.

A PARTY of amateur hunters, in Wisconsin, lately came upon an old she black bear and two cubs, and firing upon the group, they killed the cubs and wounded the dam, whereupon the latter made a terrific charge upon them, and they had to fight with clubbed rifles and knives until one of the party bethought him of his revolver, when drawing it, he put five balls into the bear's head—which finished her.

A COUPLE of little children—a boy seven, and a girl five years old—were playing one morning, a short time since, in the kitchen where a tub of hot water, left by their mother, was standing, when the girl gave her brother a push which sent him against the tub, and falling over into the water, he was scalded so badly that he died in a few hours.

Two men recently got into a row in Hester street, when, as one of them, who had stabbed the other in the stomach, was being conveyed to the station house, a rowdy named Luby approached him from behind and stabbed him in the back, inflicting a deep and dangerous wound, from which it is doubtful if he recovers.

FIVE men were recently crossing Gowanus Bay in a small row-boat, when it capsized, and all would have drowned had they not been rescued by a man named Wardlow, who, observing their danger from the shore, hastened to their assistance.

THREE children, two boys and a girl, named Farguson, aged respectively three, six and eleven years, were recently drowned in the Atonabee River, Canada, by the upsetting of a canoe, while the mother ran franticly up and down the shore, unable to succor them.

A LITTLE girl was bitten by a mad dog at Saugus, Mass., not long since, but felt no symptoms of hydrophobia until a few days ago, when that terrible disease was developed in her, and she died in the most horrible agony, barking and howling like a dog.

Two youthful burglars were lately caught entering a house in Duane street, and locked up to cogitate on what they might have found if the officer had not interrupted their operations.

A COUPLE of Portuguese sailors got into a fight in South street one evening lately, and drawing their knives, they stabbed and cut each other so seriously that both of them had to be taken to a hospital.

A ROW occurred at Pike's Peak not long ago, in which one miner lost an eye, another had his bowels ripped open, and a third had his nose slit and one arm broken.

A DUEL recently took place between two boys, respectively aged ten and twelve years; the elder fired at the younger one with a gun, but missed him, when the latter shot the former dead upon the spot with a revolver.

A BOY named Mealey, living in Eighty-third street, was recently drowned while bathing in a trench in the Central Park, which contained five feet of water, of which fact he was not aware.

THE ferry master of the James street ferry was recently crushed beneath a large beam which fell upon him as he was standing on the pier near the slip, and has since died of his injuries.

AN unknown female recently jumped into the dock at the foot of Morton street; a watchman who saw her, threw her a rope, but she made no effort to reach it, and was soon drowned.

A MAN named Mulvey, while attempting to get upon the platform of a Third Avenue car when it was in motion, fell before the wheels and had both of his feet terribly crushed.

A LITTLE girl, while passing through Chatham street a short time since, was run over and seriously injured by a horse and wagon driven by a reckless butcher, who was arrested and locked up for careless driving.

A PRUSSIAN, named Runth, in a fit of insanity, recently hung himself to one of the posts on a pier in the North River.

A NIGHT-SCAVENGER named Meyers was recently suffocated while excavating a vault in Ann street

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

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ROBERT BONNER, Editor and Proprietor.

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MILITARY HISTORY AND TACTICS.

In the annals of war and devastation, the earliest accounts are those of Egyptians. From the evidence of ancient historians and the yet-existing records, we find that Egypt, in the time of her chief hero, Sesostris, had an army of over 400,000 men. They do not appear to have used cavalry, but to have relied upon infantry and charioteers. At later periods cavalry were introduced. Their armor was shields, breastplates, or coats-of-mail, and helmets. In their attacks they used battering-rams, scaling-ladders, and moveable towers. Among their weapons were spears, swords, daggers and bows. The war-chariot held two men, one to drive and act as a shield, and the other to fight. The earliest cavalry used no saddle or bridle. In Persia cavalry prevailed in numbers; but ten thousand were defeated by the Greek infantry at Marathon, armed with pikes.

The first records we possess in regard to military tactics, are those of the Greeks. Among them nearly every man was a soldier, and obliged to see service and acquire skill and hardihood. The celebrated phalanx was of different depths, from eight to twenty-five feet. Their great object was to keep the phalanx unbroken, and have it act as a unit. The cavalry and light troops were at either wing of the phalanx. Their evolutions do not appear to have been varied, or to have got beyond the parallel front attack. Great stress was laid on the gymnastic training of the soldiers. The best soldier was the best dancer—or he who could throw himself into the most attitudes rapidly to the sound of music. The Spartan phalanx was considered the firmest in receiving attacks. Only a foot and a half existed between the lines, which were eight feet deep. The king and his cortege were in the centre. The highest honor was to march before the king to battle. The celebrated Epaminondas, with his Thebans at the battle of Leuctra, broke the Spartan phalanx by hurling a column against it. This was Napoleon's great forte: to break a line by an overwhelming force. The renowned Macedonian phalanx was about eighteen thousand men strong. The buckler of these terrible troops was of oblong shape, and their pikes twenty-four feet long. They wore also helmets and swords. The great length of the pikes enabled those of the sixth line of men in depth to project over the front rank. The Macedonian phalanx was made more or less deep according to the impetus or resistance required. The soldiers stood so close that no one could turn. The objection to the phalanx was its immobility on ground not level. It was invincible against the Persians, but was over-matched by the Romans.

These last named troops became conquerors through their superior tactics, aided by the severest bodily discipline to acquire strength and endurance. A delicate or weak Roman soldier was simply impossible. The attention now awakening to gymnastic culture indicates a decline in bodily stamina, and the need of reform. Every Roman who was not of the despised working mechanical sedentary class, had to become powerful in order to be a soldier. Their marches tested his strength, protracted as they were, at the rate of four miles an hour, and each soldier carrying from forty to sixty pounds weight. The Romans wore a short sword—the modern bowie-knife is of the same class, though smaller—and carried a spear six feet long, and a large shield. The head was covered with a brass helmet. The superior quickness of their evolutions enabled them to avoid the rush of elephants under Pyrrhus, and overcome the heavy-moving phalanx. It is remarkable that with the phalanx there was no reserve; that overcome and all was lost. Not so with the Romans. There were paymasters and commissariats as with us. The Emperor Augustus completed the standing Roman army. He had twenty-five legions; the legions were composed of 6,100 infantry and 726 cavalry. By degrees arch-luxury crept in, and the Romans ceased to be irresistible. Upon the fall of the Roman empire, military science decayed. Society was resolved into barons, vassals of some prince or king, and their armed serfs, crude and brutal in warfare. With chivalry came the complete suits of armor, which indicate a very discreet regard for bodily safety on the part of their owners. So panoplied, the knights could securely attack the miserable hinds. The curiosity of the warfare of the middle ages was, that the light, rapid movements were executed by the infantry, and the cumbersome laden cavalry did the heavy business. The English longbow, identified with the glories of Crecy, Poictiers, and Agincourt, cast an arrow with deadly effect for two hundred yards, and held its rank as a formidable weapon even after the introduction of firearms.

The immense influence of Saracenic literature, arts and arms in the civilization of Europe is egregiously overlooked in the empirical dissertations on European progress. To the Saracens we owe our knowledge of Greek philosophy and civilization, transplanted from Constantinople. The best college in Europe was at Cordova before the year 1000. To them Europe is indebted for gunpowder, the secret derived from the Chinese. When this agent was introduced there was much ingenuity displayed in using it for small and great arms. Remarkable as our rifles and cannon are now, we must remember the genius it took to evolve the first radical idea of fire-arms. The wars of Gustavus Adolphus and Frederick the Great advanced immensely the art of war and the ingenuity of tactics. The wars of the French Revolution and of Napoleon were marked by great rapidity of movement and an utter disregard of human life. When a general is determined to carry a point no matter at what cost to his men, looking to reserves and fresh conscriptions for support, he possesses a great element of success—only the terrible day of reckoning, when a nation shall be drained of its best blood and unable to resist the invader, must come. Such was Napoleon's history before and after the hundred days.

"PURE TOBACCO SMOKE."

Somebody has invented a method of depriving tobacco smoke of its *nicotine*. A chemical preparation introduced into the cigar tube or meerschaum tube, absorbs the alkaloid, and thus purifies the vapor before it reaches the mouth. Is the man foolish enough to suppose that any slave of the weed will approve his invention? "What do you suck that vile cigar for?" said a gentleman to a boy who was vigorously plying one of the blackest and strongest kind. "Why, to get the good of it, guv'ner," was the prompt reply. Now the "good" of tobacco fumes to the smoker, is the nicotine they contain. This subtile poison affects his brain and his nervous system, and therefore he makes a gasometer of himself. It also stimulates his thirst, giving him a keener relish for the fiery fluids with which he washes down the foul residium of the noxious vapor. What he wants is the essential oil of tobacco, the procreant source of drunkenness, madness, paralysis, consumption, imbecility and death. The smoke of "the weed," purged of this acrid poison, would be to him as insipid as that of the splinter with which he lights his "full-flavored Havana."

The new invention will, therefore, be a failure. Nobody smokes for any other purpose than to experience the peculiar sensations which the intoxicating element of tobacco produces. Those, therefore, who fear the consequences of the poison will drop their pipes and cigars, instead of purchasing an instrument which would deprive smoking of its only charm. Veteran fumigists, super-saturated with nicotine, will of course continue to inhale their favorite poison, and to exhale it from their persons and their clothes, until they themselves shall "pass away as a vapor;" but we entreat young beginners, whose internal flues are not yet clogged and besooted with the filthy alkaloid, not to destroy their health and stamina, and convert themselves into social pests, by persevering in the pernicious practice.

WOMAN-SLANDERERS.

Perhaps the most atrocious libel upon the super-excellent sex ever uttered by man, was perpetrated by an infamous Roman sage of the name of Seneca. That sententious old slanderer, who prided himself on his terse sayings, put his opinion of women in the form of question and answer as follows: "What is more unstable than air? Lightning. What than lightning? Fame. What than fame? Woman. What than woman? Nothing." It is pleasant to know that the author of this horrible calumny came to a bad end. Being notified that his life was forfeited to public justice, he opened his veins and bled to death like a pig as he was. His aspersive estimate of the character of woman found favor, however, with succeeding generations, and Christian philosophers, theologians, satirists, novelists and dramatists have not unfrequently, in modern times, sided with the old pagan suicide in his scandalous views. Shakspeare rarely let slip an opportunity to denounce feminine fickleness and faithlessness, and yet most of his plays exhibit the constancy and truthfulness of woman's affection in glowing contrast with the spasmodic, capricious, and selfish love of man. She is unstable, changeable, wavering is she? A bold assertion, this, in the face of every day facts. Look at the multitudes of wives who cling to worthless husbands through poverty, and shame, and in spite of ill-usage, faithlessness, and all the horrors that brutal strength guided by brutal instincts can inflict upon the weak and suffering. Do husbands ever manifest such attachment to profligate and degraded wives? Never! They "whistle them down the wind to prey on fortune." As regards the stability and fidelity of their love, women are infinitely superior to the "nobler sex." In the hour of bitter persecution, and of extreme agony, the male followers of the Saviour, hung back in doubt and fear, but woman was "last at the Cross and earliest at the Tomb!"

THE CENTRAL PARK.

This magnificient institution is more brilliant this season than ever. The thousand men now employed have done a great deal in finishing byways and odd nooks that were passed by in former years, and the whole of the lower half begins to wear the refined and finished aspect contemplated in the plan. The drive is gay with equipages; the lake is alive with birds and boats; the Ramble is vocal with children's merriment; and the Mall resounds with the tread and clang of drilling regiments. In the morning before the sun is hot, and in the evening after six o'clock, a stroll in the Central Park is a pleasure worth taking a great deal of trouble to enjoy. And even at mid-day shady places enough can be found.

One of the trees planted in the Park by the Prince of Wales is dead. It was an English oak. The other is green and flourishing.

The experiment of planting large trees in the Park, i. e., trees fifteen or twenty years old, seems destined to prove a failure. The trees forming the avenue in the "Mall" are not absolutely dead, it is true, but they do not flourish, and those who pretend to know all about such things, say they will not flourish. Some, it is said, will die this year; others will linger awhile longer; but all will have to come up, and give place to fresh, vigorous young trees. Know all men, therefore, who are laying out "places" and parks, that the only trees that look well from the start, that give satisfaction to the present public, and live a thousand years, are trees transplanted *young*.

THE SPAS AND BATHING PLACES.

The hotels at Saratoga and Newport will not be crowded to suffocation this Summer. There will be elbow room, and a chance to breathe, in the fashionable caravanseries at both places. Business is not in a condition to warrant a general rush to such purse-depleting institutions. Even our "merchant princes," in view of the grave condition of public affairs and its effect upon the commerce of the country, will not consider it prudent or decorous to give their families *carte blanche* for their summer expenses. This, therefore, will not be a "grand gala" season, even with our F. F's. Many of them will go into quiet country quarters, where, we venture to say, they will be both happier and healthier than in those fashionable packing cases at the Spas, where people pay such extravagant prices for the privilege of close stowage and a scramble for rations thrice a day.

If the silk stocking world only knew how much more real enjoyment can be obtained in unsophisticated country places for five dollars, than at "the *Springs*" for fifty, we fancy the latter would lose a good deal of their present patronage. Who that has had the run of a roomy farm house during the summer, unfettered by etiquette and unbored by small talk, would desire to be "cabined, cribbed, confined," in a crowded Spa hotel. Certainly no one who has a proper appreciation of the "largest liberty."

STREET CRIES.

The street cries of New York reach their climax in summer, and the most fearful of them are now in full blast. Not that they are *all* frightful. The recitative of the negro chimney-sweepers, deep and full as the bass of an organ, falls agreeably enough on the ear. Even the woe-begone accents of the wandering glaziers and tinkers, who so despairingly inquire if you want "any glass put in," or have "any tin-ware to mend," are endurable. But the falsetto with which the venders of early "rad-ish-*ees*" chastise the public tympanum is terrific. It sets one's teeth on edge against them. Why should the advent of a crisp, though somewhat unwholesome vegetable, be announced with a vixenish shriek, several notes above the summit of the natural scale? This question we have occasionally propounded to the ladies who purvey the plant, but they merely grinned in response, or, shaking their heads angrily, treated us to an extra flourish on that note of the gamut which is said to make a dog howl. Strawberries and raspberries, owing no doubt to their dulcet flavor, are proclaimed in sweeter tones—although some of the Teuton itinerants "toot" on the last syllable with a sharpness that reminds one of a greaseless wheel. The "licensed venders," as a body, appear to be troubled with a chronic hoarseness, and publish their commodities to the world as through a worsted stocking, some of them varying the performance with extraordinary obligatos upon tin horns. The presence of clams and porgies is generally made known through cracked wind instruments of this description, and hence perhaps the unpopularity of those gifts of Neptune among the aristocratic *habitues* of the Opera. Fish-cart music is limited to the obscure streets, and never disturbs the patrician echoes of Fifth Avenue or Fourteenth street. The milkmen, however, make no distinction of places or persons. Their unearthly summons is as loud, dissonant, and impatient, at the basement of the marble mansion as at the mud-sill of the squalid cellar. Little care they about disturbing the *creme de la creme*, as they hurry through the dawn on their milky way.

From June until the close of September the cries of the peripatetic fruit and vegetable merchants ring through our streets from morning till night. Most of them are as unintelligible as Arabic, even to the oldest inhabitants, and we have no doubt that the peddlers and hawkers might do a much better business, if they would amend their articulation, and by altering the pitch of their voices, show some consideration for the public nerves. The clamor of the milkmen is excusable. It is their province to wake up the community, and there is no telling at what hour we should breakfast if we were not aroused every morning by their outcries. But when the city's ears are wide open there is no occasion to deafen them with noises as execrable as an Ojibeway war-whoop. Because of these clamors many housekeepers refuse to buy of the itinerant fruit and vegetable dealers; resorting, at some inconvenience, to private markets and grocery stores for the articles, rather than encourage such an ear-splitting nuisance.

Upon the whole, there seems to be a general conspiracy against silence in New York. It is probably the noisiest city in Christendom. Constantinople, where every thing vendible, from figs to filligree work, is cried aloud "in the name of the prophet" (here it is for the sake of the *profit*), and where there is a free dog-fight in continual progress, *may* be a trifle more uproarious, but we doubt it.

A SOLDIER'S HARDEST TASK.

The hardest thing a young soldier has to learn is how to wait. And the worst of it is, that waiting is the very thing a soldier has to do more than any other man. It takes a long time to get a regiment equipped; and, when it is equipped, it takes a long time to bring up the drill to a point that makes the regiment trustworthy in the field. Even when the troops have reached the scene of action, it is frequently necessary to post a body of men where they can do nothing for a whole month, or even two or three months, except simply wait. Nay, on the very day of battle, it has often happened that a large division of the army has had to wait, in full view of the contest, hour after hour, from daylight until late in the afternoon, before the order came for the impatient troops to advance and do their part. This happened at Waterloo, and at the battle of the Alma.

What aggravates the torment of waiting is, that the great mass, both of officers and men, cannot, as a general thing, see any good reason for it. It often seems to the waiting host, that if they could only get the order to move upon the enemy, they could go in and finish him in a few hours or days.

But the waiting has to be done. Young soldiers *must* learn how to wait. The good soldier is one who can wait ten years without losing force or spirit, and then, in one tremendous effort, do a lifetime's work. The patient soldier, who rushes to the defence of his imperilled country, has ten calls upon his patience to one upon his courage; and it is his patience that generally gives way. Gen. Jackson always found it so. As long as he could give his gallant Tennesseeans and Kentuckians plenty to do, they were content and obedient. But when they were obliged to remain in camp, week after week, waiting for supplies or reinforcements, not all the authority of Old Hickory himself could keep them in order, or even *keep* them at all. Away they went in whole regiments toward home, whooping like Indians, the general after them.

Learn to wait might be properly inscribed upon the banners of all new regiments.

FOURTEEN MILLIONS!

It is estimated that the taxes of the city of New York will amount next year to the snug little sum of *fourteen millions* of dollars—say $15 for each man, woman, and child, or $70 for each grown man within the city limits! This is piling on the agony rather thick, considering the times. But "Issachar is an ass," and it is presumed by those who ride him that he will bear any burden. He may shake his long ears occasionally, but he won't kick; he is not dangerous, they think.

The swindle goes bravely on. Our expected tax bill will be *only* some two and a half millions more than the entire expenses of the general government during the first year of John Quincy Adams's administration—that's all! Does foul misgovernment come as high in any other city in the world, Christian or heathen? We believe not. Does any other population in the world groan under such an incubus of thievery as ours? We are *sure* not. A "rogue's gallery" of those who rob us under color of law, would exceed in the number of its portraits the exhibition of that name under the management of the police.

It seems, however, that the wealthy tax-payers are actually waking up. They have positively taken the alarm, and are going to make an effort, to "revise and simplify the city government." Shall we tell why? Simply because rents are going *down*, while taxation is going *up*. The burden begins to be felt by the real estate holders, who can no longer transfer it to the shoulders of their tenants; hence the movement among the "solid men."

DRESS VS. REDRESS.

We are tired of tirades about "dress reform for ladies," from those who throw every obstacle in the way of success. As if women were not sufficiently stared out of countenance in New York *already*. I am not unaware that native, female New-Yorkers have an unlimited capacity both to give to their own sex, and to take from the other, the most prolonged stares, without so much as winking. It was one of the first things which struck me on my arrival here, nor has my astonishment suffered any diminution by a longer sojourn. A dropped eyelid, at such a crisis, is a thing quite unknown in New York, at least as far as my penetration and observation have extended. But for all that there *are* women here—provincial creatures they must be, of course! who cannot get used to it; and to whom a broadside of a stare either from male or female eyes, is annoying, and savors of ill-breeding. There *are* women here who are not fond of having their names repeated in their hearing, every time they pass; or having it announced footman-fashion from male lips whenever they come into any public gathering or assembly. 'Tis to add the last ounce to the annoyance of such then, to propose that by possible virtue of their position, they should inaugurate a "dress reform for ladies;" i. e., make their public appearance in some hybrid costume, that jeering *little* boys and impertinent boys of bigger growth, may follow and annoy them. This is asking rather too much, even though it be "for the public good." A fig for the public good! When that good time comes, when gentlemen have learned the art of looking at ladies whom they wish to see, without *appearing* to do so, then it is time for modest ladies to consider this question of startling costume. Or—when any gentleman of our acquaintance will agree to wear day by day, through the public thoroughfare, some dead-and-gone-fashion of apparel, belonging to his great-great-great-grandfather, nor shrink from the notoriety involved, then—perhaps—some sensitive ladies may be induced to make similar "objects" of themselves for the amelioration of the crinolined sex. *Till then*, let us hear no more about "dress reform." Some wise-head has given us as a rule for a lady's dress—"that *it should be such that no one could remember what she had on*." But that was evidently before Bloomer time! Let all those gentlemen who are so much exercised on this question, cut off a yard or so from their new fashioned long-tailed coats, and we will at once agree to make a corresponding reduction in the length of our dresses; i. e., those of us who have pretty feet and ankles. Fanny Fern.

WHO KEEPS A SECRET?

Spite of the old saw to the contrary, the question of "keeping a secret" has no sex. It is another curious fact too, for the imparting which, I do not request a prepaid envelope enclosing one dollar, that many people who can be perfectly dumb about their own affairs, or the affairs of those personally connected with them, are quite loose, when the secret affects any person *outside* this charmed limit. It may be unamiable to allude to this little fault; but to our way of thinking, this clanship-code of honor is quite at variance with a reputation for strict integrity. One feels tempted to inquire why a person who has the reticent power so strong in the one case, should not be able to exert it in those equally binding. Why one who can so jealously guard what himself or his particular friends do not wish divulged, should be so culpably careless as to what ripples over his lips to the injury or annoyance of other parties to whom he is equally pledged to reticence. "Where there is a will, there is a way," *ought* to be appended to the fly-leaf of the Bible, for as veracious an assertion as any that can be found there. In the case above cited it covers the whole ground, so without any more attempt at explanation there we leave it. Fanny Fern.

A SOLE-AR LUNACY.

How seldom one sees a lady whose gait is graceful. We think shoes have a great deal to answer for in this matter. A pinched set of toes will spoil the best natural gait in the world. It is absurd to suppose that a foot of artificially diminutive appearance, is any compensation for a stiff, limping locomotion, either in man or woman. The foot should be proportioned to the size of the body; and be it great or small, so that it is well-shaped, it is then a harmonious and beautiful foot. All these forced attempts to improve upon nature, only result in distortion and ungracefulness. Let both sexes bear this in mind; for the folly is not limited to the *ladies*. Fanny Fern.

LOOK UP.

Upturn the dim disc of thy soul!
Let lightnings flash and thunders roll
Down the handwriting on the scroll,
Till every line
And every sign
Stand out, a ripe prediction;
Till God's immutable behest—
Thine own life purpose—stands confest,
A clear and true conviction! Mary Forrest.

DOCTORS, PARSONS AND LAWYERS.

New York, *June 3d*, 1861.

Mr. Editor:—Can any one give a good reason why, of all professional men, clergymen alone should be expected to perform professional services gratis? Is there any justice in it? A clergyman receives a fee for marrying a couple, a pleasant piece of work that occupies him ten minutes. But for officiating at a funeral, which is a painful and laborious task that often requires half a day, he gets nothing, not even if the family whom he serves is unknown to him. If he is summoned at night to christen a sick child, console a dying man, receive the confession of a criminal, or administer the communion to a bed-ridden saint, no one ever thinks the service should be paid for. Why not? Sentiment will not pay a clergyman's bills, any more than it will the doctor's, the lawyer's, or the schoolmaster's. Every one admits that the clergy are underpaid. And so would all other professional men be, if they had to do half their work for nothing. Will you, Mr. Editor, tell me why this inequitable state of things is allowed to exist? It seems to me that there is no right or justice in it.

Yours truly, C. M.

It seems to us, C. M., that you could not have given the subject you attempt to discuss much thought, else you would not have made such an amiable blunder. Your effort to run a parallel between the case of the doctor or lawyer and that of the clergyman, is unsupported by the *controlling facts* of the case. A clergyman has a salary—a support for himself and his family—guaranteed to him. He does not have to risk his family's bread on the chance of getting up a business for himself, as the lawyer or doctor does. He and his parish enter into an agreement whereby they ensure him a support, and he agrees to serve them as a pastor, the duties of his office being perfectly well known to him beforehand. A part of those duties is to attend the funerals of his parishioners, to visit and pray with the sick and the afflicted, to pour the balm of consolation upon hearts that are sad and sore, to be, in short, a *minister* to his people. For all this he receives his salary. And it is better thus. What clergyman could *take a fee* for visiting and praying with a dying parishioner, or for preaching his funeral sermon? With a doctor or lawyer the case is altogether different. His fees, such as he may be lucky enough to get, are his only recompense. Many a member of either profession would no doubt prefer to have a "parish" that would pay him a certain salary on condition that he should attend to their legal or medical wants, instead of being compelled to run the professional gauntlet for bread.

THOUGHTS AS THEY OCCUR.—No. 89.

BY ONE WHO KEEPS HIS EYES AND EARS OPEN.

How sweet is the air! It is full of moisture; smell of new leaves and earth-odor. The sky does not scowl. Neither does it smile. It has a grave and reverend aspect. And yet clouds are frolicking like kittens, running in and out, whisking and scudding as if sent forth on purpose to play. There is a deal of waggery in a spring rain. It seems to enjoy the untimely spurts which it makes upon men and beasts. To catch a man under an umbrella—to push him hither and thither, to swing sheets of rain underneath his protection, and finally to turn his umbrella inside out, wrest it from his hands, and then to pelt down upon him in unmeasured generosity, appear to give a spring rain the utmost satisfaction. Another trick is peculiarly pleasing to the moist divinities that spy and play in the clouds.

A wagon full of unprotected people, seeing the shower, make desperate speed toward a shed or shelter. A race is fairly set. The rain scuds after them, but holds off until they are within a few rods, then down comes torrent, and wets them as thoroughly as if they had travelled at their leasure, instead of blowing their horse with tantalizing speed. So, too, a weather-wise eye scans the clouds from the place of refuge, where he has lurked snug and dry, and declares the rain over—ventures forth, and gets well onto the road when, whish! dash! the cunning shower pours him all over! Water will put out *fire*. But it has kindled *temper* a good many times, or made it burn the fiercer when already kindled. And yet, how inexpressibly balmy, and how full of mysterious influences is one of these changing, multitudinous days in early summer!

Well,—Mr. Bonner,—you will ask me, what of all that? Why, that I have been up to Peekskill; that the hills are all clothed in green; that birds have improved since last summer, and can sing at least one note higher on the scale; that frogs are practicing on one string in all the solitary pools; that squirrels are wide-awake, and crows as solemn as ever. The moss on the stone wall has been well kept thro' the winter, grass is almost fit for the scythe, daisies are winking at you all over the mowing lot, wrens are gibbering, hens cackling, ducks waddling, calves frisking, as if all the world were at peace. Little seeds are sending up little stems; and little stems are rocking little baby-buds, which in a few weeks will open forth into beauty. The crops are giving glorious promise. There are my strawberries!—ah sir—it would do your benevolent heart good just to look at the generosity of these plants! The leaves!—how large, what healthy green!—how they hold themselves, like a roof, over the young berries! Every day the hens go up and explore the chances. But, they shall not have any! They shall all be shut up!

And this harvest of strawberries—what visions of bliss lie in the near future! They shall be picked in great cool dishes, before the sun rises, with dew cool on their blushing cheeks! They shall be pulled by delicate fingers; heaped up in saucers forever too small,—great berries—each one a mouthful,—some to be eaten just as they are, while the red multitude are to be over-poured with cream. Cream? What is that? A pasture, knee-deep with clover, with blue grass, with orchard grass and red-top; spring water gushing cool close by;—a pail, large, scoured white, and brimming full with milk crowned with foam; pans, bright as silver, in a cool sweet cellar, through which the air circulates, carrying off every gas or odor; and then, after twelve hours, do not be too particular, but take that which comes first on the pan—not too long kept and clotted, not too soon skimmed and thin, but cream that is neither young nor old, but a term midway between both,—take this, oh, inquisitive reader, and let your hand be liberal toward the saucer-full of Jenny Lind, Triumph de Gand, Bartlett's Seedling, or Lanier's Madison—and then, with sweet bread and butter, and your friends around you, eat—and pity the gods that sit above the clouds where they can't have cows or strawberries!

But let not those despair who have no cream. Put ripe berries in a dish, add a little *cold water*, break them down with a spoon (a silver spoon will do) to a jelly, adding just enough water and sugar to make them half liquid, and you shall find many another dish less delicious than strawberries and water! But who can depict the comfits, the strawberry tarts, the pies, the puddings, jams and preserves which they form! And yet, preserved strawberries are but a mockery. The flavor, the spirit, the aroma cannot be kept by fire or sugar. The strawberry was born to bless us in its life time. Its posthumous honors are, like those of many others, but dim and fugitive memories of something that was, but is not.

And now, having suitably opened this subject, I am prepared to say, that I defy you to a trial of endurance and capacity in a strawberry feast. You shall not return without a strong battle. We will so fill you, pelt you, stain you with strawberries that for a month thereafter you shall imagine yourself to be a round, red, juicy, fragrant strawberry!

P. S.—Do not publish this. I have no objection to its going into the Ledger in a confidential way. But it is a family matter addressed principally to your eyes.

ABOUT SWANS.

There is a prospect of our Central Park being able to supply the whole country with swans. The larger lake contains already about fifty of these beautiful birds, which, with the geese and ducks, dot the whole surface, affording great delight to young New York. But the swans are sitting! And very curiously they manage it. All other birds with which we have a personal acquaintance conduct their domestic affairs in secresy, building their nests in the most sequestered nook they can find. The female swan, on the contrary, is not ashamed of her vocation, but lays her eggs in full view of the universe in general. One of the Central Park swans has been sitting for some weeks on the top of a grassy knoll on the edge of a little pond, visible to everybody who frequents the drive. Another is sitting close by the edge of the great lake, within six feet of the drive, and with no shelter from tree or bush. This is the more strange as there are plenty of shady and secluded spots close by the places which the swans have chosen. Possibly, the cool winds that prevailed at the close of May, when the humor for sitting first manifested itself, may have caused the birds to prefer the sunshine. The swan sits six weeks and a half before her young are hatched. Such is the assiduity of this bird, that instances have been known in European parks of the female starving herself to death rather than leave her nest in search of food. The young swans, we notice, are no sooner hatched than they take to the water as naturally as ducks. We observe also that the swan is no exception to the rule that the strong is the tyrant of the weak. The ducks and geese evidently entertain a most profound respect for the swans, and take great pains to keep a neck or two beyond the reach of their bills.

Age is surrounded by a cold mist, in which the flame of hope will hardly burn.

THE YOUNG ATTORNEY'S JUBILATION.

BY JOHN G. SAXE.

I've got a case!—I've got a case!
No matter for the past;
I see a sign of better days;
I've got a case at last!

John Doe has beaten Richard Roe,
And here's the double fruit:
Dick's got a pair of damaged eyes,
And I have got a suit!

What though it happens to reverse
All philosophic laws,
I bless the action whose effect
Produces such a cause!

I'll set it forth in legal phrase
How, of the law defiant,
Said John, against the public peace,
Attacked said Dick, my client;

And how said John said Dick did beat
With divers sticks and stones;
And furthermore assault did make
With divers swords and guns;

Whereby said Dick was damnified,
To wit, by the said blows,
Inflicted as aforesaid on
His face, and eyes, and nose,

The sum of (make it large enough
To cover all the wounds—
With something for his honor), well,
The sum of fifty pounds!

Hurrah for law!—I've got a case!
No matter for the past;
I see a sign of better days;
I've got a case at last!

MAGGIE BURNS,

THE HEROINE OF THE DELAWARE.

A STORY OF AMERICAN HEARTS OF '76.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

CHAPTER XVI.

AN EXCHANGE OF BONDS.

Let us now look after Cato, and see how he succeeded in the important mission which had been entrusted to him. It was nearly an hour past midnight when he got away from Waldvale, and he took the direct road to Newtown. He did not dare to take a horse, for fear the noise might arouse some of the grooms, so he hurried off on foot, moving at first slowly and stealthily, anon quickening his pace to a moderate run. The night was very cold—almost the coldest of the season—but the negro kept himself comfortably warm by his brisk exercise. Within two miles of the village he was stopped by a picket sentinel, who demanded of him the countersign. But Cato had no countersign to give. He told the sentinel that he wanted to see Roderic Glengyle—that he must see him—that his business was of the utmost importance.

What was the business?

Cato told him that a very dear friend of Roderic Glengyle's was in danger.

It was all very well. The sentinel did not doubt the negro's honesty of purpose; but he could not suffer him to pass. He must wait until the sergeant came with the relief. Poor Cato was very uneasy, but there was no help for it. The soldier ordered him to remain quiet, at the same time informing him that all should be well when the relief came.

And when would the relief come?

It would be nearly two hours. The sergeant would not be along until four o'clock.

Again Cato begged and expostulated; but to no purpose. These were critical times, and the orders of the guard were positive, and without qualification.

"If you were General George Washington himself," said the sentry, very emphatically, "you couldn't pass here this night without the countersign."

This served to clinch the argument, and Cato subsided into a state of external quiet; but at heart he was not so easy. When Maggie first proposed to him that he should come upon this mission he had felt some fear; but now that he had entered upon the work, his whole soul was enlisted, and his only idea was, of saving the unfortunate maiden who had trusted so much in his hands.

However, the minutes slipped away into hours, and finally the sergeant came with the relief. That officer heard the negro's story, and took him along to the little cot where the out-guard had its head-quarters, and where the lieutenant in command was found. Here Cato told his story over again, and after some deliberation the lieutenant called his corporal, and directed him to conduct the negro to the main guard-house. It was a tedious course for poor Cato; but he began to see that there was system and regularity about it, and he tried to make the best of it. When he arrived at the quarters of the main guard he found himself in the village, and also found that it was six o'clock in the morning. Here he told his story to some purpose, for the officer in command not only told him where he might find Captain Glengyle, but also gave him a pass which would serve him anywhere within the village.

It was to the house of the blacksmith that Cato had been directed, and when he reached it, he found that Roderic had gone away about half an hour before, probably to the quarters of the commander-in-chief. Mrs. Burns, who was up, and in the kitchen, heard Cato's voice, and came to see him; and when she had heard the story of her daughter's situation she was fairly beside herself with grief and fear. She knew the character of Louis Griswold, and she surely had reason to apprehend the worst fate for Maggie. But Moses Allen begged her to be comforted.

"I will go with Cato," he said, "and find Roderic; and as soon as he knows of Maggie's situation he will hasten at once to her relief."

The widow was far from being comforted though she would not detain the smith with her complaints, but rather urged him to leave her to herself, and make all possible haste after Roderic.

It was fairly day when Moses Allen and Cato reached the quarters of the commander-in-chief, but they were only there to learn that Capt. Glengyle was with General Mercer; so away they went in the latter direction. And again disappointment awaited them. Mercer and Glengyle had both gone up to McConkey's Ferry.

At nine o'clock, after numerous trials and troubles, Roderic was found, just returned to Washington's quarters, where was being held a council of war. When Cato delivered his errand, our hero was for the moment rendered almost powerless by the shock; but he quickly regained control of his reason, and questioned the messenger upon all essential points; and when he had gained all the information Cato had to communicate he hastened away to find General Mercer.

"My dear General, I must be off, with a dozen men, to Waldvale. Get me an order as quickly as possible."

"But, Glengyle—this cannot be. You know the commands of Washington. You and I are both to remain here."

"In Heaven's name, sir, do not deny me now!" cried the youth, impetuously. "The value to me of a thousand lives are at stake. It is now only a little past nine o'clock. Give me the order, and I will be back here within an hour after noon."

Mercer shook his head.

"It must not be, Captain. The fate of our nation hangs upon the issues of this day! As we are prompt and true to-day, so shall be the result to our cause. Do not ask me."

"But, my good sir—will you not speak with the Commander-in-chief?"

"It would be useless, Captain. I know him too well. His heart is as kind as human heart can be; but in the line of duty he is stern and inflexible. His plans are all formed, and he will not swerve from them. Every pass is cut off, and every man and officer is stationed."

"I must go!—I must!" exclaimed Roderic wringing his hands. "She whom I love best on earth is in the toils of the destroyer; and it may be that the mother who bore me is her companion in danger!"

"Your mother?" said the General.

"Aye—my mother. It is a strange story, and I cannot stop now to explain; but, as I live, I do believe that my mother is in imminent danger. Her companion and protector has been carried off across the river, and she is left to the mercy of a man who, I fear, seeks her destruction. Louis Griswold will return—he may have returned ere this—and then both my mother and my sweet love are doomed! O, in Heaven's name, grant me my prayer!"

The general walked uneasily to and fro for several minutes. He sympathized with the youth most deeply, and was inclined to do all he could for him. Finally he stopped and laid his hand upon Roderic's shoulder. There was a light upon his generous countenance, as though some sudden thought had inspired him.

"You said that Louis Griswold, an officer in the King's service, had taken a prisoner over into the enemy's camp, and would return to-day?"

"Yes, sir," replied our hero.

"And you said that John Glengyle was still harboring our enemies, and plotting against us?"

"Yes, sir."

"And," pursued the General, "it may be that this same Captain Griswold has information of our plans, and, if left to himself, may communicate with the Hessian commander."



MOTHER AND SON.

"He certainly has every opportunity," replied Roderic, who began to see the General's drift.

Mercer took one more turn across the room, and then he said,—

"Captain Glengyle, I am going to entrust you with a mission which I might give to no other man. I take a great responsibility, but I trust all will come out well. You can understand me as you please; but others are only to understand the order as I now give it to you. Listen: I have reason to apprehend that John Glengyle and Louis Griswold are possessed of information concerning our plans, and as I know them to be open enemies and dangerous men, I must have them arrested. You will take twelve men, and make all possible haste in the execution of this order. Can you be back by one o'clock?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then hasten, and let me have your report as soon as may be."

General Mercer turned to his table and wrote a hurried order, and when Roderic had received this he stopped for no more, but hastened quickly from the place, and in less than half an hour he was on the road, with a dozen of his best men, all mounted upon fleet horses.

"Up, up and away!" he cried, as his brave men gathered about him. "Every minute is now as precious as a human life. We cannot afford to lose one of them!"

Away over the frozen road they sped, the horses dashing on at the top of their speed, and in just half an hour from the time of starting, they entered the court of Waldvale. Up the broad avenue our hero made his way, and was just in season to see Sir John and Louis Griswold make their appearance in the porch. His orders to his followers were very brief, and almost before the host and his companion could comprehend what was transpiring, they were made prisoners.

Hark! What sound is that?

"Ha! See! Two stout villains bearing Maggie Burns through the hall, and they clutch her till she writhes in pain. Roderic Glengyle and Walter Slack leaped through the porch, and in a moment the two ruffians were senseless upon the floor, while our hero quickly cast off the bonds from the maiden's arms, and then clasped her to his bosom.

Maggie was not hurt. She was safe and well! O, blessed assurance!

A few moments of sweet communion, and then Roderic turned to where his base uncle stood.

"John Glengyle," he said, with as much composure as he could command, "you are my prisoner. And you, too, vile beast!" he added to Griswold.

John Glengyle swore, with an oath, that he would not be a prisoner, and, in his rage, he dared the young patriot to take him from his house.

"You need not dare me," was Roderic's reply. "I have my orders from high authority, and must obey them. You are a prisoner, sir, and it will be well if you conduct yourself with some show of propriety."

The baronet belched forth a torrent of abuse upon his nephew, threatening all sorts of revenge, and wound up by again declaring that he would not leave his house.

Roderic had intended to ask him concerning Hecuba, but being assured that he should gain no profitable answer, he concluded to say no more to him, so he directed his men to lead both the prisoners out of doors, and keep them safely. After this he returned to the hall, and having seen the two villains who had been left there taken care of, he turned his attention to that other subject which so deeply interested him. He must find Hecuba, and make provisions for her safety. He consulted with Maggie, but she knew only what Cato had told her.

"Then we must find her," he said. "I know the house as well as my uncle does, and I can as easily unlock its secrets. Come—we will both go."

Maggie went with him, and ere long they came to a door that was locked. It was in an upper story, and our hero felt sure that the person he sought was in the room beyond. His first thought, upon finding that the key was not in the lock, was that his uncle had it in his own possession, so down he hastened, and ordered Slack to search the baronet, and take from him any keys that he might have about him. Of course the host objected to this proceeding, but Walter Slack was not the man to stand upon ceremony in executing the orders of his superior, and he had the baronet's pockets turned out very quickly. The key was found, and carried to Roderic, who returned with it to the upper chamber. It fitted the lock, and carefully pushing back the door, the youth and maiden entered. Hecuba was upon the bed, her clothes torn and soiled, her hair floating wildly over her face, and her limbs drawn up as though she had been in great pain. Her breathing was forced and unnatural, her quiescent state seeming to be rather the result of exhaustion than of sleep, for she lay upon the bed as she might have fallen in a fit.

"O, my soul!" cried Roderic, "I know not what to do. I dare not disturb her now, and I dare not wait to see her revive. I must return immediately. I think my uncle meant that she should die here! I think he meant it!"

Maggie reflected awhile, and then drew her lover away from the room—drew him out into the passage—and where she stopped, and took his hands within her own.

"Roderic," she said, gazing up with a fond, affectionate, beseeching look, "you must be governed now by me. I know how imperative is the necessity of your immediate return, and I also know how earnest must be your solicitude in behalf of poor Hecuba."

"No, no, Maggie—you do not know that."

"Yes, I do, Roderic. I have heart enough to know how the son must feel when he sees his own mother——"

Maggie Burns, who told you this!"

"I know it all, dear Roderic. You must not blame Scipio, for he meant nothing wrong. He knew how fondly I loved you, he knew how deeply I sympathized with Hecuba, and he knew how submissive Hecuba was to the influence of my soothing presence, and so, from little to little, without realizing whither his words were tending, he told me the whole."

"And you know it all, Maggie?"

"Yes."

"Well, well, I am glad of it."

"And so am I," returned the noble girl, "for now I can supply your place in the care of the child for an unfortunate parent. You will take Sir John and Louis Griswold away?"

"Yes."

"And you will keep them away?"

"Aye—most assuredly."

"Then I must remain here and attend to the wants of the sufferer. I will be very careful of her, Roderic—as careful as though she were my own mother."

"Blessed one," the youth cried, raising her hand to his lips, "you have relieved me of a painful burden. I could wish that my poor mother were with Moses Allen, but that may not now be, so you shall carry out the generous work you have planned. I will see that faithful servants are left to attend upon you, and that all the dangerous ones are removed. Cato is in Newtown, in Mr. Allen's, I will send him back immediately."

"And," added Maggie, "let my mother come, also."

"It shall be so, dearest."

Roderic looked back into the room, and the poor maniac still lay upon the bed. He approached with a noiseless step, kissed the pale cheek of his mother, and, having breathed a fervent prayer to Heaven in her behalf, he glided from the place.

"Worry not," said Maggie, as she saw him stand irresolute at the door. "Think no more of care for her. Leave that with me, and turn your attention to the work which you alone can do."

"You are right, Maggie, and I will prove my faith by obeying you. Come."

They went down into the lower hall, where all the servants were summoned to attend. In a little while the order was obeyed, and the whole force of Waldvale was present. There were four female servants, and three males. Of the latter Roderic decided to take one with him, leaving an under-groom and the woodman, both of whom were sincerely attached to him, and in whom he had perfect confidence. The four female servants he knew would be faithful. When these six had received their instructions and pledged their fidelity, he turned them over to Maggie, and they entered her service joyfully.

"Touching my mother," said our hero, as he drew Maggie aside, "I have no further directions to give. In your care I trust her, and I know that the best will be done. Touching yourself, sweet one, be careful and considerate. I will return as soon as I can, and in the meantime I will send your mother and Cato to bear you company."

Maggie's reply was a kiss and a blessing, and then Roderic turned away, and formed his company for departure. His prisoners were mounted upon horses brought from the stable, their feet lashed to the stirrups, and their arms confined at the elbows, and the reins of their horses being left to other hands. Sir John swore terribly, and Louis Griswold gave echo to his oaths, but the vile words fell harmless from their lips. Before noon they were on the road, and before one o'clock they were safely lodged in jail at Newtown.

As soon as our hero had seen his prisoners disposed of, and made sure that they could not escape, he went to the smith's house to give his errand there. Mrs. Burns was glad enough at the prospect of going to join her daughter, while Cato was overjoyed at the thought of serving sweet Miss Maggie. Moses Allen said he would see them safely off, so Roderic was at liberty to go and report himself to General Mercer, which he did at once.

"On the whole," said the General, after he had heard the report, "I am glad I sent you off, for I think the capturing of these men was most desirable. And now, my dear Glengyle, make haste with your dinner, and then be ready for work, for, before the dawning of another day a battle must be lost or won!"

CHAPTER XVII.

THE PASSAGE OF THE DELAWARE!—TRENTON!

Christmas Day of 1776! A battle must be lost or won. The Patriot Heart must now beat truly and bravely; and the Patriot Arm must be strong. Upon the hazard of a single cast hangs the fate of American Liberty; and as the morrow's sun shall reveal the plot, so shall the finale be for the nation!

Washington and his army were held in utter contempt by the British generals, and they waited to cut down the Patriot ranks as the husbandman waits to gather the ripening grain. All over New Jersey the royal forces were posted, holding all the important towns, and guarding all the highways. From New Brunswick to the Delaware, and thence down to Burlington, extended a chain of British cantonments; while farther back, in other towns, able officers commanded able squadrons. Cornwallis, thinking he had seen everything safe, and only waiting for the great river to freeze over, had gone to New York to recreate awhile, and make preparations for his return to England. In a little while he meant to slip down into Jersey again; cross over into Pennsylvania; march on and take the Federal capital; hang up the Patriot leaders by the necks; deliver the colonies over to the agent of his king; and then go home and sit quietly down to his glass and pipe. It was a very pretty plan; and when it should be carried out the rebellion would be effectually crushed. And that it would be carried out the British leaders had no doubt. King George and his Parliament had been duly informed that the whole question was about the same as settled. Lord How considered it so; and Cornwallis considered it so; and Burgoyne, coming down from Canada, considered it so. Aye—and the Tories, throughout the length and breadth of the land, felt sure that they would soon be safe in their treachery; while the Patriots, sustained inwardly by a consciousness of right, were yet fearful that the day of their hope was drawing to its close.

But there was one who did not despair; and one, too, who infused his noble spirit into other souls. Thank God! WASHINGTON, on this Christmas Day of 1776, stood bravely up, and bade his companions take courage.

"Now, or never," he cried, as he grasped Hugh Mercer's hand, "must the blow be struck. The British Lion thinks to leap from his lair at any time, and devour us as sheep in the fold; but he does not know us. He does not know the nature and the quality of the spirit which inspires the Patriot Heart. We'll beard him in his den—we'll beard him in his den!"

Across the river, at Trenton, was encamped an army of some two thousand men. There were fifteen hundred Hessians, under Col. Rohl and a troop of British light horse. Also at Mount Holly, Burlington, Black Horse, and Bordentown, were strong detachments, the latter place being occupied by Col. Donop, with a force of full two thousand men. These were the forces that were to watch the river, and lead the way to Philadelphia when the opportunity presented itself. And these same forces Washington was determined to rout. Trenton was the most important point, and here he planned to make the capture. Against the other posts he sent detachments of the Pennsylvania militia, under Generals Cadwalader and Ewing. As the force of the British Colonel Donop, at Bordentown, was fully equal in numbers to the whole force which Washington was to lead in person, it became necessary that that individual should be got out of the way for awhile; so General Putman, acting in Philadelphia, but knowing of Washington's plan, sent Col. Griffin, with a body of four hundred and fifty militia to attract Donop from his post. Griffin was not to fight, but only to draw the enemy away; and this was done most effectually. When he had attracted the attention of the British, he retreated down the river; and Donop, who was under orders to be ready at any moment to support Col. Rohl, followed him with his whole force so far that he was two days in returning to his post.

Washington had selected the evening of Christmas as the time for setting forth on his expedition, because, knowing the Teutonic proclivities of the Hessians, he supposed they would celebrate the night with carousal; and in this he was not mistaken. As soon as the day was gone, and the shadows had fallen, the commander-in-chief paraded his forces at McConkey's Ferry, and made preparations for crossing the river, hoping that he should be able to muster upon the other side by midnight; but there were other enemies to meet and overcome ere the British could be reached. The day, as we have before stated, had been exceedingly cold and blustering, and the darkly rolling river was literally filled with floating ice. In addition to this a storm of sleet and snow set in; and by many of the American officers it was supposed that the passage would be impossible.

"We have but frail boats and batteaux," they said; "and in this dark, tempestuous night, with the storm and the driving ice, we shall be hurled to sure destruction."

"The Hessians are upon the opposite shore," replied Washington, firmly, and somewhat sternly. "If we find them, we must find them before the light of another day. If we do not, they will find us. There is a Power above the night, and above the storm; and, armed in the Right, we must not fear."

All were ready to obey; and yet the task before them was a dubious one. The first boat put off just at dusk, the driving sleet rendering it even then almost impossible to see across the stream. In this first boat was Col. Glover, who piloted the way with his regiment of Marblehead fishermen. These were men whose lives had been spent upon the water, and who were accustomed to battle with the elements; and yet they made this passage with the utmost difficulty; and afterward some of those old seaman confessed that never before, amid storm and tempest and wreck, had they experienced more fear than beset them on that dark, tempestuous night, when the ice came crashing upon them, threatening every moment to hurl them to swift destruction. Washington followed with the main body of his troops, standing erect in his boat, and giving his orders as promptly and effectively as though he had been leading his host over the solid ground. His voice sounded clear and strong through the storm and darkness, and the hearts of the stout boatmen took new impulse of courage as the cheering notes fell upon their ears.

Washington reached the eastern shore before midnight; but there was much yet to be done. The artillery must come, and it came very slowly. The precious hours were slipping away—midnight was past—one o'clock—two o'clock—and yet there were boats upon the river, battling with the storm and the drifting ice—boats which must come before he could start. The commander-in-chief was anxious and fearful; but his patience did not forsake him. He heard the voice of his brave Knox, to whom had been entrusted the charge of transporting the artillery,—he heard that voice, rising above the roar of the elements, cheering and directing the struggling boatmen; and he hoped that all would yet be well.

At length the little army had all crossed, and it was nearly four o'clock when they were mustered, and ready to march. They were formed into two columns, the first led by Washington, taking the upper, or Pennington, road; while the other, led by Sullivan, was to proceed by the road along the river. It was nine miles to Trenton, and the order was given for the utmost speed and promptness. It was too late now to think of such a surprise as had been at first contemplated, for it would be daylight ere the enemy's outposts could be reached. However, there was no such thing as turning back, and the march was commenced. If the driving snow had the effect of making the Patriot soldiers very uncomfortable, and of rendering many of their muskets entirely useless, it had another effect which was not so bad: It formed a soft, noiseless road over which to drag the lumbering artillery, so that the enemy's pickets were fairly reached before the alarm was given. The out-guard was quickly driven in, the sentinels firing as they retreated; and in a little while the Hessian drums in the town were heard beating to arms.

Sullivan had arrived at the west end of the town just as Washington reached the pickets upon the north, and both pushed hotly in upon the main body of the enemy. The Hessians came out from their quarters in as good order as could have been expected; but they were not prepared for effectual resistance, nor did they know the force of the enemy with whom they had to deal. They saw a Patriot host coming up from the west, and another coming down from the north; and, thinking themselves entirely overwhelmed, they moved hither and thither with more thought of flight than of battle. Col. Rohl was in the saddle as quickly as he could shake off the incubus of the night's revel, and with his ready bravery he dashed forward, vainly endeavoring to arrange for some sort of orderly defence. But the hours of this truly brave and gallant officer were numbered. A bullet from a Patriot musket struck him down; and when the Hessians knew that their leader was lost, their resistance was of small duration. There was some sharp fighting, and many of the American officers distinguished themselves by gallant deeds; but the victory was won without much shedding of blood, and it was a victory most complete. Only two of the Patriot soldiers were killed in the battle, and two had frozen to death on the march from the river. The enemy lost six officers, and some five-and-twenty privates killed; and twenty-three commissioned officers and nearly nine hundred non-commissioned officers and privates made prisoners. These were prisoners taken by surrender, immediately after the battle; but there were over a hundred more taken during the day, from various places of concealment about the town.

General Mercer, together with Sterling, Greene and Stevens, had remained near the person of Washington during most of the morning; and conspicuous among those who had been most ready at the post of danger was Roderic Glengyle. Twice had he beat back a large force of the enemy who were trying to open a battery upon the Americans; and once he had, alone and unaided, rushed upon the foe, and captured a Hessian officer who was in the act of mustering a guard. It was near noon when Mercer beckoned Roderic to his side, and asked him where his men were.

"Within call, sir, and ready for anything," was our hero's reply.

"Then," said the general, pointing to a large house, upon the outskirts of the village, "you will take them with you, and pay that dwelling

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a visit. I think there are a number of Hessians concealed there, and there may be an officer with them. We want them."

"And you shall have them," was Roderic's answer, as he turned away.

As quickly as possibly the young captain called his company, and proceeded to the house which had been pointed out. It was back from the road, and surrounded by a well arranged garden. As the Americans approached up the avenue leading to the front door, a musket was fired from an upper window, but without injuring any one. Glengyle gave the order for his men to surround the house; and then he called out for those within to surrender.

"If your door is not thrown open in just two minutes," he said, "and your word of surrender given, the house shall be burned down about your ears, and every soul of you put to death!"

In less than half the time specified the door was opened, and Roderic entered the building, followed by some two-thirds of his men, the rest remaining without to cut off escape by the rear windows. One Hessian lieutenant and fifteen privates were found in the lower hall, who surrendered at once. In the cellar were found a sergant and two more privates; and in one of the chambers two corporals and a drummer. After these had been secured, Sergeant Adam came and informed his captain that in a far corner of the cellar was an apartment which was locked up, and the door of which was too stout to be forced by any ordinary means.

The owner of this house was a man named Clark—a dealer in stock and produce, whose proclivities were decidedly Toryish. He was already a prisoner, for it was strongly suspected that he was the one who had fired upon the Patriot party as they were coming up the avenue. Of him our hero demanded the key to the vault in the cellar.

"There's nothing in that vault," said Clark.

"Never mind that. I want the key."

"I don't know where the key is, sir. I doubt if the place has been opened these ten years. It is a dark, damp hole, and we don't use it."

"Then," returned Roderic, "we'll let some light and air into it."

"You'll have to get in the best way you can," said the host, doggedly.

"Very well," replied the Patriot captain. "We'll break the door down; and, mark me, sir: If we find anything of consequence there, you shall suffer for it—you shall suffer the doom of a traitor!"

This seemed to startle the man a little, for he very soon called Glengyle back, and said to him:

"I don't know what you may find there, sir. For a week my house has not been mine. The royal troops have used it as they wished. They may have concealed something there—very likely they have, but I have had nothing to do with it."

"Then give me the key, and all may yet be well with you."

"There used to be two keys to that place, sir. Perhaps I can find one of them."

So Roderic took the host along, and pretty soon a key was found. They went down into the cellar, and unlocked the door of the vault. It was truly a dark, dismal place; and at first our hero thought there had been nothing gained by the operation.

But—hark!

Surely that was the groan of a human being. Walter Slack went into the place, and soon returned bearing a human form in his stout arms. To the light of a window the body was borne; and an exclamation of horror burst from Roderic's lips.

It was poor old Scipio, weak and gasping!

"He is not dead," said Walter Slack. "His heart beats, and his bosom is warm."

They bore the negro up to a room where a fire was burning, and ere long he was able to talk. A little brandy served to revive him, and as he began to overcome the stupor his energies gradually returned to him. And then the presence of Roderic Glengyle, and the assurance that he was once more in the hands of friends, had much to do with his revival. As soon as he could converse understandingly, the Tory host was presented to him, and he was asked if that man had anything to do with locking him up.

But Scipio could not tell. He had been brought to the house during the night, so benumbed with cold, and weakened by his bonds, that he had taken no notice of those whom he met after his arrival. Louis Griswold had brought him over the river, and delivered him up to some soldiers just out of the village; and they had brought him hither. He had been almost frozen when they locked him up in the vault.

When Scipio had told all this, he was very anxious to know how it was with Hecuba; and he had commenced to tell how John Glengyle had taken them from the cot, when Roderic stopped him.

"I know all that, good Scipio. I was at Waldvale yesterday, where I heard the whole story. John Glengyle and Louis Griswold are prisoners, at Newtown; and Maggie Burns is with Hecuba. Maggie, and her mother, and Cato are there; and they will do all for the poor woman that can be done."

This intelligence gave Scipio another impulse of strength; and ere long he declared that he was able to accompany his friends. So Roderic mustered his prisoners, twenty-three in number, and started back into the town. He found General Mercer, and when he had made his report, he was warmly praised for his gallant conduct.

"If there are any more houses to be searched, give me the word, sir."

"No, my dear Glengyle; I think we have them all. Such of the enemy as we have not captured are for the present beyond our reach. We have taken six brass field-pieces, and over a thousand stand of arms, beside many other valuable articles of the British munitions. The work is well done, and you must now be ready for the orders of the commander-in-chief."

"This negro," said Roderic, after he had given a brief account of who and what Scipio was, and how he had been found, "I should like to keep with me, as I am very anxious concerning his welfare."

"It shall be as you wish, Captain."

CHAPTER XVIII.

PRINCETON!

Trenton was now in Washington's possession, but he did not think it prudent to remain there. Flushed with victory, some of the American officers were strongly tempted to push on in pursuit of the enemy; but the commander in-chief was not prepared for such a movement. A force, equal in numbers to his own, was only away a few miles to the south, under Donop; while to the north were other strong battalions. His troops, moreover, were worn and exhausted by the fatigues of the past four-and-twenty hours, besides having over a thousand prisoners to guard. Under these circumstances he deemed it best to fall back into Pennsylvania, and there gather new strength for new conflicts; so he set about recrossing the Delaware; and before midnight on the day of the battle, the American army was safe in the Pennsylvania camp, with the prisoners and the captured artillery.

Roderic Glengyle, as soon as he could get leave, repaired to the house of Moses Allen with Scipio. He found the honest smith at home, and his first inquiry was concerning affairs at Waldvale.

"I came from there last night," replied Allen, "and left them safe. Mrs. Burns and Cato are there."

"But how is it with Hecuba?"

The smith shook his head.

"She is very low," he said. "I fear she cannot live long."

Scipio, who declared that he felt as strong as ever, was eager to hurry away to Waldvale; but Roderic interrupted him.

"Wait a few hours, good Scipio, and I will go with you. I am as anxious as you are. Do you remain here and rest until I return."

At noon our hero went to Mercer, and asked for a short leave of absence. The general shook his head dubiously.

"I cannot grant it," he said. "It is impossible."

"But," urged Roderic, with the deepest feeling, "I must go to Waldvale. You do not know how much I have at stake. I will return this evening."

"Captain Glengyle, I would grant your request if I could, but it cannot be done. Momentous issues are upon us, and our orders are very strict."

"But, sir,—I shall not be wanted this afternoon. In mercy's name, let me go! Aye—in the name of a DYING MOTHER, I implore you!"

The general was deeply affected; and he turned away to the window, as though he would not have his subaltern see how much he was moved. In a few moments he came back, and the old sternness was upon his face; but the sternness was surely forced, for in the eye there was a warm, trembling light, and despite the compression of the lips they wore a flitting smile of kindness.

"May I go, sir?"

"I cannot grant you leave of absence beyond our lines," was the firm reply. "My orders are, sir, that you report yourself here at nine o'clock this evening."

"And until then——"

"You had better ask me no more questions, Captain. If you are here punctually at nine o'clock, I shall be satisfied. You say you have an old servant whom you wish to send out to Waldvale?"

"Yes."

"Then you may need the countersign for to-night. It is *Princeton!*—There—now go. Rest yourself as you please until the hour I have named."

Roderic could not misunderstand this. It was certainly an intimation that he might go where he pleased, if he but kept his own counsel. At all events, he so construed it, and determined to act accordingly. He returned to Moses Allen's, and having eaten dinner, he procured two horses, and by two o'clock he and Scipio were on the road. The picket guard passed him without question; and in little over half an hour he was at Waldvale. He met Maggie in the hall, and she uttered a cry of joy when she saw him safe and sound.

"O," she said, as she rested her hands in his, "it has been a glorious victory."

"And have you heard the news, sweet Maggie?"

"Yes," she replied. "A courier passed here this morning, on his way to the upper ferry, and he told me all. Aye, Roderic,—and he mentioned your name, too. O, how proud and happy I was when I knew that you had done such brave deeds.—What! mercy!—is this Scipio?" She had not seen the old negro until that moment.

"Yes," said our hero, as the faithful servant approached, "this is Scipio; and one of the most valuable results of the victory to me is, that I have been able to rescue him. And now, Maggie, I must ask concerning Hecuba. I must see her."

"She is very low," returned Maggie, sadly. "When she sleeps she seems full of slumbering pain; and when she is awake she raves and moans by turns. I have left her in my mother's charge now, and Cato is with her. We will go up if you wish."

Hecuba was in one of the largest and most comfortable chambers, and when Maggie and her companions entered they found the poor woman just awaking from a short slumber. She had changed sadly! Her cheeks had fallen in; her lips were disfigured with bitten wounds; her eyes burned with a fearful flame; and her hair had been torn until the wild locks were half gone. She saw Scipio first, and she knew him.

"Bress God, dear Hecuba!" the faithful negro cried, "I'se come back to ye! Ye knows me, don't ye?"

"Charon—my Charon! O, how I have waited for thee! Where is thy boat? Hasten, good Charon, for I must cross the dark river to-night!"

"MOTHER!" Roderic whispered the word as he approached the bed. The maniac gazed a moment upon him, and then clasped her hands upon her bosom.

"Alas!" she groaned, in a tone of deepest anguish, "thou deceivest me! 'Tis but the semblance of my Hector. Thou art some fatal conjuration, sent hither by the Tartarian gods. Out! I will not gaze upon thy fair face. It is too near like my brave Hector's for me to hate it; and yet I dare not trust it. Where is my Charon? Come, come—the time is at hand. We must over the Styx to-night! Come, come—this Stygian shore is dark, and drear, and cold!"

She pressed her thin hands upon her brow—her body swayed to and fro—and in a moment more came a sound that made them shudder in that room. It was the grating of the maniac's teeth; and when Maggie heard it she took Roderic by the arm, and drew him away.

"Come," she whispered, "let us go out. She will look kindly upon no one again to-day. Let Scipio be with her. He knows her, and can care for her better than any one else."

The youth had no desire to remain and see his mother suffer when it was not in his power to help her; so he followed the maiden from the room.

"Shall I not see her again?" he cried, when they had reached the hall.

"Not to-day," replied Maggie. "She would not know you, and your presence might only aggravate her madness."

"Then I may never see her again, Maggie; for I know not how long I must be absent. In a few days, at the furthest, we shall cross the Delaware again, and our campaign may be a long one."

Maggie Burns read her lover's thoughts, down to the very depths of his heart. She took both his hands, and gazing up into his face, she said,—

"Dear Roderic, not for worlds would I have you neglect your duty to your country; and that you may carry your whole heart with you to the patriotic work, I give you the assurance that all shall be done for our suffering mother that can be done. I am equal to the task; and I will not fail. If she dies, and you never see her again, you will feel that there has been no neglect. If she is your mother, Roderic, she is mine, too; so you will know that she is not forsaken, but that she has a child with her to care for her in love and tenderness. And so, if you have uneasy thoughts, put them from you; for while you are doing your duty on the battle-field, Maggie Burns will be doing her duty at Waldvale."

The youth caught Maggie to his bosom, and having held her there a moment in his ardent embrace, he imprinted a kiss upon her fair brow, and then said, while the generous tears started from his eyes,—

"Noble, blessed Maggie, I cannot tell you how I thank you for this. I will go; and I will do my duty; and when I think of Waldvale, I will cherish the assurance that my sweet love is reigning there in all the power of kind and affectionate devotion. O, I am glad I came, I shall be happier for it,—I shall have more heart."

The next half hour was in that holy communion which springs from purest love; and then Roderic arose to take his leave. The day was near its close, and he wished to be within his time.

"I know not when I shall see you again," he said, as he stood in the hall, holding Maggie by the hand. "We shall cross over into New Jersey very soon, and when once there, we shall have work enough to do. But, come what may, we will hold each other in our love, and in our prayers."

He thought of the dangers of the battle-field, and he knew that the chances were great that he might never meet Maggie again on earth. And she, too, had thoughts running in the same dark channel. But they gave no utterance to these thoughts. No, it was not the season for gloomy words. What they said was of hope and promise; and when they parted, it was with mutual smiles and blessings.

Before eight o'clock Roderic was with Moses Allen, where he ate his supper; and precisely at nine he reported himself to General Mercer.

"I hope your rest has done you good, Captain," said the general.

"It has, sir," replied Roderic. "It has done me more good than I can tell. It has given me new heart and strength, and I am now ready for duty."

"Very well. You shall have your orders to-morrow."

And with this our hero retired.

It may be safely said that the affair at Trenton was the turning point of the Revolution—the weight which set the trembling balance in favor of the Patriot cause. The army of Washington had been looked upon as a mere shadow thrown across the royal way, which could be removed without difficulty; and under this impression the Tories had grown bold and arrogant, while the Whigs were despondent and fearful. But now a new sentiment was awakened, and a new order of things instituted. The recreant Tories were alarmed, and the true-hearted Whigs took courage. The British found that they had a foe to contend with of no mean sort; and the prestige of the Hessian name was broken. The hesitating militia gave new allegiance to the Patriot cause, while recruits came flocking in from every quarter. Lord Cornwallis, whose trunks were packed for the return voyage to England, received orders to unpack again, and hasten down into Jersey, where there was much need of his services—not, this time, to push on and overturn the Federal capital; but to keep back, if possible, a dangerously threatening power.

During the four days immediately following the battle of Trenton, Washington strengthened his army by the gathering in of his forces, and by the addition of recruits; and then, on the thirtieth of December, he determined to cross the Delaware again; occupy Trenton once more; and thence make such demonstrations against the enemy as opportunity might offer.

It is not our province to recount the doings of that noble and devoted band of Patriots. Every true American should remember the brilliant exploits which followed the occupation of Trenton. When Cornwallis, with his heavy army of well-trained and battle-tried troops, came down upon the American host, Washington engaged him, and with the coming of night, drove back his attacking battalions in confusion. Then followed that masterly stroke of strategy by which, while Cornwallis supposed the Americans were snugly reposing by their burning camp-fires, ready for slaughter on the morrow, the Patriot commander-in-chief made the night march upon Princeton, where were quartered three regiments of British infantry, beside several troops of dragoons.

PRINCETON! Another brilliant gem in the crown of Patriot triumph! Cornwallis, with his vastly superior force, was outfought and outgeneralled at every turn. While he moved heavily, and with dire threatening of deadly purpose, Washington moved quickly, carrying out his purposes as he went.

But there was a cloud at Princeton! With the great occasion for joy and exultation, there was cause for grief and tears. HUGH MERCER fell at Princeton!

And yet, even in these tears there is joy. His was a noble death, and his memory is enshrined in millions of free-born, freedom-loving hearts. Aye—and about the Patriot's grave gathers a halo of glory brighter far than the glitter of Golden Fleece or royal diadem—bright with the effulgence of Heaven's own spirit-fire!

The gallant achievement at Princeton was followed by other movements equally important in their results, though not so startling and brilliant at the time of execution. By a series of well-planned movements Washington led his army to Morristown, where he established his quarters for the winter. And thus, at the very time when the Patriot cause seemed utterly hopeless, had George Washington, with his gallant little army, struck a succession of blows that served to paralyze the British arm, and spread dismay amid the foes of the colonies. The mass of the people, sick and tired of the bad faith of the English leaders, and disgusted with the brutality of the Hessians, gave their countenance and assistance to the Patriots, furnishing them readily with provisions, and joining them in their expeditions. The British quarters were thus rendered very uncomfortable, their supplies cut off, and their foraging parties in constant danger; and ere long Cornwallis turned back to New York, seeking safety under the protecting arm of General Lord Howe, and New Jersey was evacuated by the enemy!

At Princeton, while leading his men with Mercer's rifles, under a galling fire, Roderic Glengyle had been slightly wounded; but he was only absent two days from his post; and in the forming of the winter's camp he rendered signal service; and so did he render great service in leading expeditions against marauding parties of the enemy, his hunter's life having well fitted him for tracking the deep forests. It was in the month of February, and he had been six weeks away from Waldvale. As he came in one evening, with a dozen prisoners, he was met by Mark Adam, near the entrance to his quarters.

"My dear Captain," said the sergeant, "I think your presence may be needed at Waldvale."

"What is it?" cried Roderic, in alarm; for he saw that Adam's face bore token of important intelligence.

"I can't tell you exactly; but Mr. Tower knows. He will explain it."

What could it be? Was his mother dead? Was there danger to Maggie Burns? It must be that there was danger to Maggie; else why should they tell him his presence was needed at Waldvale!

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

THOSE who come last seem to enter with advantage. They are born to the wealth of antiquity.

MAKING AN ENEMY.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

A man thirty years old, and a sensitive boy just passing out of his "teens," happened, once upon a time, to meet in the company of gentlemen and ladies. The heart of the sensitive boy was an impressible one, but, differing from most easily impressible hearts, it held the forms it received, as the gem holds its facet, or the seal its legend. They were as if cut down into the very substance.

There are a great many young people with hearts possessing this peculiarity. Such hearts are of fine quality, but too often, alas! an over-stimulated pride induces morbid conditions of thought and feeling, and self-torment and wasting antagonism mar the beauty and force of nearly every action. If the impression received is orderly and beautiful, that form remains imperishable; if deformed, it bears through life disfiguring signs.

The sensitive boy and the man of thirty years met, as we have said, once upon a time, in a company, and in that company was a dark-eyed beauty, whose image the boy had, for months, carried in his heart, dreaming over it most delicious dreams. But of all this she knew nothing. The beauty was heart-whole. As the steel draws to the magnet, so drew the boy to her side, and, forgetting everything, betrayed to all the love-spell in which the maiden had bound him. To men of thirty, such betrayals are usually sources of amusement, and some are sufficiently unsympathizing and ill-natured to chafe and mortify the youth thus caught in the silken meshes of love.

Such was the character of our man of thirty, who had not the moral wisdom which every man of thirty, who has not lived many of his years in vain, should possess. He noticed how the boy hung on the dark-eyed beauty's words, how his face grew radiant in her smile, or went back into shadow when she passed that smile to another, or let it die out.

"Caught!" he said, half cynically, drawing attention to the boy. Then, as a cruel thought passed through his mind, he said—

"See how I'll torment him. They're going to dance, and I'll ask her to be my partner before he, unaware of the forming set, has time to secure her hand."

And crossing the room, he bowed to the lady, treating the boy with such marked indifference that the act stung him to the quick, saying—

"Shall I have the pleasure of dancing with you?"

The man of thirty was tall, handsome and imposing, self-confident and proud; the dark-eyed beauty was complimented by the selection, and, with scarcely a glance towards the boy, out of whose face the light went instantly, arose and took the proffered arm.

It did not escape the boy, as his eyes followed the lady through all her graceful movements in the dance, that the man was observing him, and quick perception gave warning that the secret of his love for the dark-eyed beauty was known to at least one person in the room. Had he a rival in this man? The thought made his heart give a great leap. Hot blood dyed his cheeks, that a few moments afterwards were colorless. Once, lifting his eyes suddenly from the floor, he saw that both the man and maiden were looking at him; the man was saying something, and on the maiden's lip reply lingered. An amused expression played over her countenance, awakened by the remark of her companion, and the boy understood that he, from some cause, had been made to appear ridiculous in her eyes.

Instantly a fierce hatred towards the man was born in his heart—alas, that it was so, for his heart, as we have said, was one that held all impressions as firmly as a seal holds its deep cut legend.

Not content with this first annoyance, the man, who really cared nothing for the dark-eyed beauty, made, through all that evening, a jest of what, to the boy, was a thing sacred as his life. At the first opportunity, the enamored boy drew to the maiden's side again, and she smiled pleasantly upon him. She was not much beyond his own age, but still, more a woman in feeling, experience and observation, than he a man in the same particulars. His evident admiration pleased, if it did not stir a mutual sentiment in her bosom, and if there had been no wanton interference, such as came from the man of thirty—who was amusing himself—she might have perceived the fervent heat that was poured out from the boy-lover's heart, as a power in her own life, making it to become blossomy and fragrant.

But not long had he enjoyed the heaven of her tongs and smiles, when, in sheer wantonness, the man intruded himself, and with a coarse freedom of language, which the sensitive boy felt as an outrage, likened him to a moth fluttering around a candle, and warned him to look out for his wings.

A shame-spot kindled on the boy's cheek, and a fiery thrill of anger leaped through his heart. He was the man's enemy from that hour. But what did the man of thirty care for the boy of twenty? He held his good or evil will in lightest estimation. The boy had furnished him an evening's amusement, and was scarcely thought of afterwards.

Time went on. The man of thirty became the man of forty, and the boy of twenty a man of thirty. Ten years brought them to a nearer equality. And what of the dark-eyed beauty? Had she become the bride of either? No. The man of thirty did not want her, and the sensitive boy of twenty, turned aside by his interference and ridicule, shrunk back, brooding and unhappy, into himself, and let another take the prize he might have won. But he had received her image into the impressible substance of his heart, which, closing and indurating over it, held that image with imperishable fidelity. She was his first and only love, and there was not room enough in his heart for a second.

The man of forty was a husband and a father, the man of thirty a lonely worker in life, with ambition, and not a pure home-love, as the power that gave life to action. The only being who had ever inspired his heart with a tender sentiment was the wife of another, and the occasion of her loss to him was ever present as a rankling wound, embittering his soul, and accumulating hatred towards the man who, as he now hesitated not to say in his thoughts, had been the means of his losing all in life he thought worth living for.

Minds that feel the spur grow strong. Action, no matter how stimulated, gives mental vigor. A soul at ease becomes sluggish, and its powers fail; but he who battles through life with outward circumstances, or inward smart, rises in vigor, and matches himself with men of strength.

It so happened that the man of forty became involved in a series of transactions which, if brought forth to public view, would so hurt him in the common estimation as to mar the whole of his future life, and stain his name with an odium impossible to remove. In this series of transactions he had permitted himself to become the tool of others, who had used him so adroitly that he, in any exposure, would be the target at which the arrows of public sentiment would fly. And it so happened that his secret enemy, now the man of thirty, in whose heart the bitterness of that unprovoked wrong was still felt, became advised of the position in which he stood, and under circumstances that gave him power both as a prosecutor and a persecutor. The man of forty held a position of high trust, which, in weakness or cupidity, he had betrayed, suffering large amounts of money and securities to pass from his control into the hands of parties who, it now appeared, were irresponsible, and the case against him was put in charge of the man of thirty, now a rapidly advancing member of the bar.

"I have him now!" So said the man of thirty to himself, after mastering the case. And his heart swelled with an evil triumph. "I have him now, and by the memory of all I have lost and suffered at his hands, he shall pay back seventy fold in bitterness!"

And he was in earnest. The heart on which ten years before, had fallen the image of that dark-eyed beauty, leaving on its sensitive surface a clear impression, bore still the image, as clearly defined, but cut in adamant, and held as a memorial.

The man of forty was shocked and terror stricken by the sudden appearance of danger. Unable, from the exhaustions he had permitted, if not executed, to meet its demands, the institution in which he had exercised a leading control was forced to the wall; and then came a public outcry, and clamors for investigation. As the man of thirty, with eagle eyes, went searching into the state of affairs, he soon saw the position of his enemy; but, understood, at the same time, that a weak compliance, rather than dishonest greed, was his most grievous sin in the case. But, what cared he for the intention involved? Nothing. He had facts enough to ruin the man of forty, and he meant to do it, unpityingly.

"For heaven's sake, sir," said the man of forty, appealing to the man of thirty, "don't take the position of a persecutor in this unhappy case. You have evidence before you that I have only been imprudent—not criminal. Why, then, in the name of humanity, seek to fasten upon me a criminal intent? Why drag, as you seem bent on doing, facts into public gaze, which the superficial, and the evil thinking, will wrongly read to my injury? I pray you to forbear!"

The man of thirty looked down into his heart upon the image in adamant, and then away, ten years, to an evening never to be forgotten. The appeal was vain.

"The accomplice and the principal are alike guilty," was the hard answer that came icily from his lips.

"But I am no accomplice!" replied the man of forty, his tones quivering with fear and indignation.

"It seems," said the man of thirty, fixing his unpitying eyes on the man who was at last fully in his power, "that you were assigned an important trust. Large interests were confided to your hands—the sole dependence of widows and orphans left in your control. Has the trust been kept? Where are the confided interests? Where the substance of these widows and orphans? Sir, you are the guilty one in these infamous wrongs, and, by every consideration of right and justice, should bear the penalty. And, if in my power to lay it on your head, you shall bear it! The people have suffered enough through frauds and robberies of this kind; and now, let signal example be made."

The man of thirty put in the plea of right and justice; but revenge was the force that moved him to the work in hand. The long hoped for day had come. His enemy was prostrate before him, and there was no mercy in his obdurate heart. Once, it had more than a woman's softness—now it was flint.

The day on which a public examination was to be held, drew near, and the man of thirty, keen of scent as a bloodhound, was in possession of a mass of evidence, which, if used skillfully, would entirely ruin the man of forty in public regard, and if not met and parried with consummate art and prudence, send him to prison with the brand of felon on his name.

It was the night preceding the day on which the case was to come up in court. The man of forty sat, silent, heavy-hearted, and with his face shadowed away from observation, in the midst of his family, between whom and an impending disgrace only a few hours intervened. The man of forty was wretched and hopeless; the man of thirty light of heart and exultant. The first had everything we hold dear in life at stake; the other was simply grasping after an evil delight.

"When that evidence is submitted," said the man of thirty, speaking with himself as he lingered over a paper which he had unfolded, "the iron will go down into his soul! He'll never hold his head up in this community again. It will blast him forever. What a fool to leave such a document to ruin him! And yet, it is plain, that in all this wretched business, the skulking knaves shrunk away out of sight, and left him to play the fool; and he has played it, as he will find to his sorrow."

Late over his work sat the man of thirty that night. Wearied at last, he let his thought turn away from the case he was preparing. Unbent from its long and earnest concentration, his mind fell into a musing, half dreamy state; and memory began to move among the records of other days. As if to harden him in the purpose by which he was now impelled, that never-to-be-forgotten evening was restored with almost the reality of life; and the face of the dark-eyed beauty, looked into his with a weird charm that quickened all his pulses as in long past times. More and more distinct and life-like grew the face, until, at last, it was bodied forth to his consciousness in presence. The maiden of his early love was before him; with calm sweet face, and dark, love-beaming, yet now serious eyes. She sat down in the chair opposite, and laid her hand, across the table, upon his hand, the touch thrilling his heart with a delicious joy.

"This is not well," she said, placing her free hand upon the pile of papers which were to be used in evil intent on the next day. "The heart which is truly loyal to love, is generous and forgiving. Shall I find you loyal at the end?"

The vision faded as to outward seeming, but only to grow more inwardly real.

On the next day, the man of thirty and the man of forty stood face to face in the court room—the one calm, serious, intent; the other pale, and almost wildly haggard. The case opened, and the man of thirty, who conducted the prosecution, offered, first, the argument as to what he should prove, and then proceeded with his evidence. Not a hair of his enemy was harmed. All the argument and all the evidence went past the weak, compliant agent in wrong, and reached the guilty principals, who, dragged to the bar of justice and public opinion, paid the penalty of their crimes; while the agent went free of punishment, spared by the man who had him in his power, and meant to effect his ruin.

It was a narrow escape. Thoughtlessly and cruelly, years before, he had wronged a sensitive boy; and from the wrong, which was vital, hate and revenge sprung into life, and these came well nigh working, in after years, a fearful retribution.

The man of thirty is not always as considerate as he might be, of the boy of twenty. He seems to forget that time is bearing them both onward, and that memory holds some records with a photographic distinctness.

THE MUSICAL BOX.

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

I.

Louder and sweeter still,
When on some larger form reclined,
Its exquisite full will
The larger cadences of music wind.

II.

A grandeur not its own
Swells on the listener's tranced ear:
Surprised he hears a tone
That seems the voice of some superior sphere.

III.

So, Milton, smallest lyres
Leaned on thy giant organ's side,
Flash broader, grander fires
In Music's pomp and Poesy's regal pride.

IV.

Nor take they any shame.
The night has lease upon the stars,
And gloriously her frame
Stirs with the rushing of these golden cars.

THE ONE ERROR.

A STORY FOR YOUNG WIVES.

CHAPTER XXVI.

DOVE AND SERPENT.

The baker had already given his evidence in the most effective style, and from the "trouncing" point of view, which made itself quite evident to his audience, by whom he was already tolerably well known in one way or another, and by whom he was not, apparently, regarded with any too friendly eye, as more than one muttered imprecation testified.

"Poor little beggar! he might have let her off."

"A cripple like as she is."

"And bein' as it's a first hoffence."

"Greedy old warmint!"

"Hard old villain!" and so forth.

It was remarkable that not one appeared to entertain any doubts as to the truth of the accusation made against the child, whose scared and tearful countenance and trembling voice appeared to be all ascribed to the fact of her being new to the business.

"She ain't half up to it," muttered one ill-favored fellow, with but one eye, and that of oblique vision.

"Shame to send such a one," growled a voice, equally harsh and dissonant, though it was a woman's. "Here comes the mother; then she'll face it out."

"*That* her mother!"

There was a considerable commotion when Nelly made her entry into the court, and her fainting was at first regarded as a complete stroke of policy, exciting even an emotion of envy among those who felt that, on a like emergency, they could hardly have come up to such an effective demonstration. But Nature asserted herself too strongly, and became quickly too apparent to be mistaken by the eyes of the demoralized witnesses of the mother's agony; and as they closed around her, and heard her incoherent lamentations and heart-breaking exclamations, a feeling of unmixed pity soon took possession of the better-thinking part of the rabble, mingled in the others with a sensation of contempt for the weakness that should "make a row about such a bit of a job as that. After all, it couldn't be above a month or so, with the Reformatory at the end, and, as like as not, let her off altogether with a caution, bein' like as you may say a cripple."

"Hi, but Jaffers says it do look black: it's a out-and-out duffer, and no mistake, and there's a gang as has been doin' a deal ringing the changes down that way lately."

"*Silence* in the court!"

The child was speaking; her trembling tones failed to make themselves heard, though the police court was reduced to an unusual state of quiet, with the exception of such shuffling of feet and swinging of doors as are inevitable.

The magistrate directed that the little girl should be raised in the dock, above which her little head was hardly visible, and the woman who stood by her lifted her upon her knee, leaning against the partition herself, and at the same time with one hand removing the child's bonnet, and smoothing back the tumbled tresses, so that the pale, innocent little face was distinctly seen. Accustomed as the presiding gentleman was to see all sorts of countenances brought before him, many strangely belied by the evidences of their guilt, he could not help being struck by the wistful, earnest gaze of the childish little face that seemed of itself to utter an appeal against the position to which it had been brought, and the good magistrate unconsciously was moved to listen to the explanation which the girl preferred of the way in which she had become possessed of the half-crown that had brought her into trouble.

This was simple enough in itself, yet, to those astute ears which listened, it might be either the artless statement of a truthful child, or the well-concocted tale of a practised deceiver, trading upon infancy and apparent innocence. They were more accustomed to deal with the latter possibility, and it can scarcely be set down to the blame of men so placed that they involuntarily adopt the worst aspect of human dispositions.

The half-crown had been given her—so the child's story went—by an old gentleman who came to see her mother one evening, to ask her for the ring; yes, it was mother's ring—the old gentleman took it away though—mother gave it to him, but she cried afterwards; she said it was his ring. No, he did not give mother any money, he put that on the table for herself. Mother put it away, and said it was to be saved to buy her shoes, but that morning there was no other money in the house, and mother was so ill. Here the poor child's lips trembled, and she gave a sob, but she did not cry—she was too frightened for that, and it was as well; the magistrate was hardened by the continual dropping of water in that box. Tears had no influence, or rather a prejudicial one, with him.

Ida went on to say that she had prevailed on her mother to let her take the half-crown and get some bread for their breakfast, though not till her mother had endeavored to dress herself to go, but had failed in the attempt, through weakness.

Then came the question: since the mother had been so averse to letting her child out alone, why had she gone to make purchase at a shop some half-mile away from where she lived, instead of getting what she wanted in the next street, as she might have done?

The answer was one that to have misinterpreted, must have needed a harder heart than those of even a Clerkenwell police-officer.

She knew, she said, that her mother liked a particular sort of little loaf, which, to say truth, Tom had brought to Goswell road sometimes, and the little creature, knowing that it was to be procured at this one shop, had made the best use of her time to get there, and obtain the coveted dainty for her sick parent.

It happened that the policeman, with that rigid red-tapeism which is apt to run rampant in the "trouncing" way, had brought in his hand the identical article which poor Ida had been set on obtaining, and, in due course, he proffered it to the observation of the bench.

The magistrate beheld a simple roll, such as furnished forth his breakfast-table in ordinary. He noticed how the child's eyes followed the coveted morsel even now, as, with a small sigh—as if apologizing for the desire to possess such a luxury—she said, "Because mother was *so* poorly."

I don't like to suppose a great man capable of a weakness, yet it is certain that the magistrate seemed to have found a sudden attraction in some papers which lay before him, and that he used his handkerchief, and cleared his throat vociferously, before he demanded, with much show of sternness, "Has any one made inquiries as to the truth of the statements?—this child's mother, is she present?"

There was a stir in the court—a commotion. A policeman made a passage through the crowd to the witness-box, but ere the object of their attention reached it, there was a loud cry—an exclamation, and the child was clasped in the arms of a woman, clinging to her skirts, grasping her with the one hand, and sobbing out, with a hundred tender expletives, the name of "mother," while the tears which terror had withheld burst forth with convulsive violence.

It was a sad scandal to the gravity of the court, but who was to protest against it? The apoplectic usher roared himself blue in the face; the policemen executed sundry evolutions apparently to no specific end; the magistrate emphatically protested in dumb show; but all the majesty of the Law and her myrmidons rolled into one must have been powerless before that touch of the all-dominant Nature.

The women cried, the men cheered, the boys and girls, who didn't care twopence, in fact, seized the opportunity for making a row and defying the policemen, and when, at length, the magistrate—who in one keen glance had taken in the appearance of the new-comer—made a sign that the child should be removed from the bar, he drew down a fresh demonstration of applause on his own account, and a final tribute to the unpopular baker, who made his exit amid the groans of an impulsive rabble, of which the juvenile portion followed him to the street, some begging for the roll he still held in his hand, others proffering their services to fetch him a "penn'orth o' treacle" to eat with it.

Meanwhile the landlady had spoken to the occupation and general habits of her lodgers; and then—still holding her child to her skirts—Nelly was placed in a position less ignominious than that her darling had but lately filled; and, as a help to the elucidation of the child's tale, which had connected itself with certain suspicions in the mind of the magistrate, she was enjoined to "speak the truth, the whole truth," &c.

"Your name is ——," the good magistrate observed, assisting, with courtesy, the hesitation which was evident, and easily accounted for, by the appearance of the woman. "Your name is Franklen?"

"No, sir," in a low voice; "my real name is ——"—with what an effort she spoke it—"is Meghorn."

A loud exclamation in the knot of people behind her, a blasphemous ejaculation, in a hoarse voice, startled her, and called forth the wrath of the magistrate.

"Clear the court instantly!" he cried; "it is disgraceful! Officer, clear the court!"

Her tale was the more clearly told, that his order was obeyed, almost to the letter. In virtue of her oath, Nelly was indeed scrupulous to a degree; and, in pursuing the thread of his investigations, the worthy functionary, doubtless, found his curiosity awakened by the singular facts necessarily elicited. How the ring came into her possession—how the stranger could possibly be supposed to have a claim on it—why she had disguised her real name, and have adopted that of her first husband, were certainly needful to the establishing her innocence and the consistency of her story, which, of course, tallied in every respect with that her child had previously told. Perhaps the woman, in her eagerness to prove her child guiltless, went further into antecedents than was necessary; or it might be that the element of human curiosity still lurks somewhere, even in the magisterial breast; certain it is that the tale others evolved, strange as it was, still bore so unmistakably the stamp of truth—thereby the more strange, and the more strange still less likely to be fabricated in consistency—that the magistrate, at its close, not only most entirely absolved the child and mother from any complicity or knowledge of the guilt ascribed, but paid a high compliment to the truthfulness of the latter, and expressed his sympathy with her troubles, which he more tangibly demonstrated to the little girl in a present, which it did not escape him she regarded with a half fearful gratitude, causing him to smile, and assure her that "she need not fear, those half-crowns would not get her into trouble."

As he thus dismissed mother and child, the magistrate turned to a keen-eyed but quiet official who had listened with uninterrupted attention to the evidence of the woman, and a brief private conference ensued.

"It's Jemmy Lowther for a hundred, your worship, and no mistake! I had my own opinion from the first about the little bit of stuff," and the man eyed the base coin, which had somehow found its way into his hands. "It looks like one of his jobs, from end to end of the whole transaction, though the chances are he did *not* go to pass a duffer on the woman, the chances being it would lead to his detection."

This functionary spoke slowly, and with much deliberation, like a man who would weigh well all considerations, and was not given to act with too much promptitude, even in matters of importance.

Perhaps he made up in action for his seeming—perhaps the seeming ever was part of his acting. Certainly nothing could have been much more prompt than the movements which, in less time than it might have been supposed they could have reached the spot, the retreat of Jemmy Lowther was visited by a couple of the most interested inquirers after his welfare, to whom his ill-used wife confided the intelligence, with much elaboration of tears and sobbing, that he'd left her "for good and all, this se'en weeks," having taken every blessed penny they had in the world, and bestowed his farewell in "such a hidin' as had left her black and blue, from the crown of her head to the sole of her foot, the willain!—she'd show 'em, if they pleased, the marks." The officers politely declined, meanwhile using their own opportunities for observation, while the woman went on, with many asseverations, to say she wished she *did* know where they might "light on him," she'd tell 'em fast enough, so she would.

"He's given us the slip, sure enough," said one of the visitors, breaking silence, when they had left the Lowther residence at some distance, "and she's left behind to put us off the scent," he added.

"A sharp chap is Jimmy; that was a neat trick of his about the ring."

"Ay, but he owes a good deal to her. Many's the time he'd have been nabbed but for that Jezebel yonder, that is laughing at this moment over her 'black and blue.'"

He could not have spoken truer if he could have looked in upon the aggrieved Mrs. Lowther, as she finished her choice package of necessaries which she was to convey to her spouse that evening, with news of how things went on with relation to his affairs in general.

So justice was for once baffled, and the cunning of the serpent outwitted the simplicity of the dove.

CHAPTER XXVII.

CONCERNING PEARLS.

When Nature and Mrs. Smith, by their combined testimony, had united to set at nought the suspicion entertained against little Ida, and both she and her mother were declared wholly stainless of imputation, then, and then only, Tom Grejons found time to consider his own share in the matter, and, on a rapid review of that consideration, to come to the conclusion that he had been, on the whole, engaged in what must be at least a very self-denying, since utterly suicidal, piece of business.

At Pie Alley, some three hours of absence, in a busy time of the day, and wholly unaccounted for, would be quite sufficient, as Tom energetically and enigmatically put it, to "settle his hash."

There could be no doubt about it, and, therefore, it was useless to waste time on conjecture, but in Shorter's close the case did admit of deliberation. Like a certain respected character in public life, whose name our pen shall not be suffered irreverentially to set down, Tom saw "three courses open" to him. He might go to his mother, and, by making himself the bearer of an exciting episode, at least secure to himself that claim upon her good offices which such a character never failed to establish with the landlady, or he might take up the bolder course—tell her at once of his dismissal, of course letting the blame to rest where she certainly could not fail to perceive it was due, to those who could voluntarily deprive themselves of Tom's services, or, thirdly, he might adopt the penitential mood, say how sorry he was, accept even tacitly the alternative of Thatcher (the barber), whom she would be sure to hold up *in terrorem*, and so win pardon and reconciliation.

But neither of the the three courses being at all to Tom's taste, he finally abandoned them all, and came to the resolution to do nothing but await the course of events.

Meanwhile, he quitted the court, relying upon Mrs. Smith the landlady, to take care of Nelly. Mrs. Smith, for her part, having fulfilled her part of the ceremony, and attested her lodger's respectability, thought of nothing more except the kitchen fire, which she was sure would be out, and the first-floor, "which always did come home to dine when he weren't expected," and the tax-man, "which he would be a-knocking of the house down, drat the whole pack of 'em, taxmen, and perlice, and magistrates into the bargain, what did they want a-taking up of the poor brat for?"

And so ruminating, she found herself in Goswell road, and with all her expectations verified.

Thus came Nelly to be left in the court without any one to whom she could look for the assistance she needed to get home. She was faint, no less from reaction of excitement than the lingering illness from which she had been suffering, and, from want of proper nourishment, was, besides, debilitated.

She was creeping slowly out, after a few minutes' rest on a bench in the ante-room, when a hand was placed upon her arm, and a woman's voice said—

"You aint fit to walk home; for goodness sake don't try; lean upon my arm, and come this way."

Nelly turned, and beheld the young woman with the discolored and swollen eye, who had stood by Ida in the dock. The child acknowledged the recognition by a smile.

"You aint fit to walk, indeed," she said; "pray come in and have a rest in my place—it's close handy; and then I'll see you home. I couldn't come that far now, for I've got some work must go home." Then, observing Nelly to hesitate, she added, "My name is Stocker; Tom Grejons, the young lad that was with you, he knows my master and me well." Whether this testimony to her respectability, or Nelly's increasing exhaustion, moved her to comply, she did so; and, thanking the stranger, at once accepted her friendly offer. Together they quitted the police court.

In the crowd which surrounded the entrance Nelly looked around, vaguely seeking some clue to the voice which had uttered the exclamation, apparently called forth by the announcement of her name; but she saw none which she could in any way connect with the speaker. There were so many—all equally vile and unprepossessing in exterior—that it was vain even to surmise; besides, the ejaculation was of a nature which might have been merely excited by the singularity of the cognomen. The subject was, in fact, soon dismissed from her mind; for tribulation was now changed into thankfulness that her darling had escaped the serious consequences in which so unforeseen an accident might, it seemed, have involved her.

Mrs. Stocker lived in a court not above three minutes' walk from the police-court—and, before Nelly had begun even to wonder whether her strength would hold out to reach it, they were at the house and in the rooms occupied by the good-natured woman.

They were neatly furnished, with even some pretension to luxury of the cheapest kind—and, to the eyes of visitors, accustomed to the bareness and discomfort of sheer poverty—looked positively attractive.

The grate was filled with gaily colored shavings, there were a few prints upon the walls, and a group of highly-tinted paper flowers under a glass shade on the mantel-piece.

In an inner room there was a fire; and, even before taking off her bonnet, the pretty, faded woman hurried in there, stirred up the languishing cinders into a bright flame, and set on the kettle.

"There's nothing like a cup of tea for cheering one up, is there?" she said, "and we'll have one in less than no time."

Then she untied Ida's bonnet, made Nelly lie down upon a small couch in the sitting-room, and then, to the great delight of the little one, set her to clear the table while she herself ran out "only just over the way."

A heterogeneous medley it was that strewed the table; and, with the punctilious care of the child to do no damage, occupied her fully till the return of the mistress, who laughed as she saw the degree of cautiousness displayed, and swept the remainder of the mass into a tray, which she put aside in a chest of drawers.

"Funny things, aint they?" she said, pointing to the mimic crowns, pearl diadems, and dazzling tiaras of precious stones, which had littered her table and excited the awe of the little girl—"but they're not quite so precious as they look." She bustled about setting out the table with something decidedly less deceptive in quality, and soon she summoned them to partake of a meal of tea—with the welcome adjuncts of cold chicken, tongue, and some ripe fruit.

"Pooh!" she said, carelessly—in answer to Nelly's earnest protest—"it's nothing; I should have had just the same myself, likely as not, for I like to enjoy myself while I can, I assure you." Then, to turn aside the subject—while she attended to the wants of her guest, and obliged her to eat—she went on to speak of the late misadventure. "Oh, indeed, there isn't a thing they're harder upon than the smashing—passing bad money, you know. I've seen more than one respectable person dealt hard with for just that accusation, and no other; and it took plenty of good witnesses, too, as to character and so forth, to get them off. But it was a barefaced thing, and no mistake, to palm it off upon you, after playing you that shameful trick besides."

"Then you don't think the ring belonged to him?" Nelly asked, still bewildered as to the possibility of such a downright piece of villany.

"Oh, there's not a doubt about it," said her new friend. "Why, bless you, there's as many lives by such ways in London as by honest callings, every bit."

"It is an awful place," returned the other; "I wish I had never brought *her* here, I do, from my heart."

"Oh, dear! but there is sin and wickedness in other places as well," was the reply; "and, after all, where one can get a living is the thing; and there's many might starve elsewhere that gets a good living in London."

Nelly was compelled to admit the force of that plea, and, they having finished their meal, their unceremonious entertainer at once proceeded to finish the work which she declared to be already behind time.

"You will just please to lie there," she said, with gentle violence, placing Nelly upon the couch, "and as soon as ever I've done this, and run in with it, I shall be able to take you home, and perhaps there's some little thing I can help you in there; you'll be all the better for the rest, you know, and the little one can watch me at my work."

Nelly already found herself so much improved by the first portion of her new friend's prescription that she offered little resistance to this advice. In answer to some remark she made, as to the arrival of Mr. Stocker, the other replied that she need have no fear on that score. "I shall see no more of him," she added, "till he's earned enough to bring me home some present or other; he'll just deny himself any earthly thing now for a while to make all up with me; there'll not be one safer than Stocker will for the next two months, maybe; and then, sure as fate, there'll be another break out. It's just the drink makes a fool of him."

She had hastily cleared a space upon the table while she was speaking, and then, without even removing the tea-things or cloth, she set to the peculiar avocation at which the facility she displayed proved her to be an adept.

Nelly, reclining on the couch, thought for a few minutes that she, too, ought to be at work; then wondered vaguely that Agnes had not been to see her in all the trouble; then—for she was in that state of weakness in which thought even is an effort—she fell asleep.

Ida stood for a short time by her mother's side, then she was insensibly attracted to watch the work going on near her. With her lap full of pure, white, lustrous beads, Mrs. Stocker was employed in ranging them and weaving them, apparently, by one motion into a queenly coronet. She worked very rapidly—the child could hardly catch the movement of her fingers as she threaded, twisted, twined, and intertwined, into the most fanciful yet symmetrical devices, the snow-white globules which seemed to assume new value and capability under her ingenious hands.

The coronet was finished; then came a pair of elaborate armlets of similar construction; and then, still working as if for her life, Mrs. Stocker set herself to a simpler task of threading a number of strings of the pearls in rows.

Ida had stood in perfect stillness, watching and admiring the occupation, so clean and so essentially feminine, the woman only occasionally glancing at her with a smile, absorbed in her work.

"*I* could do that," the little girl said, all at once, and so calmly that Mrs. Stocker almost laughed out. It was, in fact, more like a suggestion to herself than an assertion that the child put it forth.

"Could you?" she asked, kindly.

"Yes," pursued Ida, "I know I could. Might I try?" she asked, earnestly.

"You may try with them," said the good-natured woman, laughing, and pushing towards her a few of the beads which she had discarded; "but it aint quite so easy as it looks."

Ida gravely sat down upon a low seat near the fire, and was quickly immersed in her new task, while Mrs. Stocker, having finished her work, at once departed, settling her bonnet and shawl as she went.

She was detained longer than she had expected. On her return she found Ida near the window, evidently expecting her, and holding in her hand the threaded pearls, which, as far as the quantity would allow, she had fashioned on the wire into a shape similar to those she had seen done.

She held it out to Mrs. Stocker with a flush of pleasure on her pale face.

"Will it do?" she asked.

The woman took it in surprise, for the work, though not difficult, required an amount of delicacy and tact in handling, not easy of attainment, save by practice.

"Indeed you have done it well," she said; "and when did you ever do such things before?"

"Never at all," replied the child.

"Nor never see it done?"

Ida shook her head.

"Indeed, you're a clever little mite, and with——" she stopped, for an allusion to the child's misfortune had well nigh escaped her.

But it amazed her none the less, and a sudden thought had already begun to form itself in her mind to a tangible resolve, when, passing into the inner room, she was followed by the child, who, with a light touch, arrested her.

"Ma'am," she said, in a whisper, "do people get money for that?" indicating the remains of Mrs. Stocker's performances, which, truth to say, did leave terrible traces of untidiness behind.

"Money! why, yes, duckey; that's what I get it for."

"Could I ever, ma'am—would they ever give me money for it? I do want so to help mother, and she always says, 'Plenty of time;' but I do want so to get some, and I can't do anything only tidy a room; that's all."

And Ida sighed.

"Well, then, will you help me tidy mine? we'll see, dear, about the money part of the business. Mother's in such a nice nap; it would be a pity to wake her up now."

With all her heart the little girl assented to the proposal. She was never so happy as when occupied; and the unfortunate disqualification under which she labored seemed to make her only the more eager to assert her capability. She inwardly sighed over the reflection that all seemed bent on discouraging her, but none the less did she endeavor to acquit herself to her kind hostess's satisfaction.

Mrs. Stocker, meanwhile, was revolving a plan in her own mind, which was claiming considerably more of her thoughts than the unseemly disfigurement which went so ill with her still pretty though faded features. But it was not her way to think much about the mischief after it was done, and, perhaps, there was something in that plea of hers, perpetually tendered to the bench or the inspector, that "she was very aggravatin' herself at times, and Bill wasn't all to blame."

Refreshed by her nap and the timely nourishment she had taken, Nelly found herself so far strengthened that she was able, with the assistance of her newly-made acquaintance, to make her way home with comparative ease; and, having volunteered her assistance in any way in which it might be serviceable, the woman took her leave, promising to return the following morning and see how Nelly was.

With a grateful heart that her darling had been spared any greater degradation, though with sore misgivings as to her own prudence and capability of grappling with the world, Nelly reviewed the events of that day, bitterly regretting the error into which she had fallen regarding the ring, that sole relic of her happy days, that treasured memorial of her young and beloved husband; then, again, she recalled the hoarse tones she had heard in the police-court, and which would, perforce, connect themselves with her own revelations.

The time was gone when every figure in the street used to appear in the distance like that of the ruffian Meghorn, and when, as she bolted her door at night, she drew for herself the picture of how his voice demanding entrance should arouse her ere morning. Nelly had learned something, in her more frequent intercourse with the world, of how much weight would be the disclosures she had in her power to make, and she dreaded less and less any molestation from the smuggler; yet the recollection of that strangely excited voice haunted her, the more singularly that it did not for a moment represent itself to her as that of her detested husband. But these ideas were soon chased away by another, which was introduced to her consideration, and in a manner least expected.

The alarm of poor Agnes Chaunce for her father had been premature, so far as his life was concerned; he still lingered, though declining visibly, day by day, and painfully dependent for the most trifling assistance, his mind a hopeless wreck.

Nelly, as soon as her own health was somewhat re-established, gave a good deal of her time to the aid of her younger fellow-lodger; to serve her with the invalid was impossible, the old man's peevish irritability forbidding it, but in all else Nelly, by every means in her power, testified her wish to lighten the burden of the unhappy girl.

It was strange to see how Agnes clung to the frail life that was slowly departing—how in this unworthy, shiftless, and dependent being she seemed to find something of the protector or stay which a father should have been, but whom she had never known save as harsh and unrelenting, or as an inconsiderate, selfish, and unfeeling burthen; yet she hung upon every symptom, watched the slightest change, and questioned of his recovery, with even more solicitude than could be ascribed to the fact of the sufferer being a parent, to whom existence had become a ghastly burthen. There was almost a touch of insanity in the wild eagerness with which she would utter, at times, the words, "If he should die! if he should die, I shall be alone—quite alone in the world."

Nelly could make nothing of it. She knew that Agnes, between her attendance on the sick man and the falling off of work, had but the slenderest chance for a living—that her health was giving way under the close confinement and anxiety, yet that she as anxiously hovered around the dying bed of the aged man as if his life alone stood between her and utter annihilation.

But not alone was conjecture to occupy her mind.

Mrs. Stocker had, true to her promise, called on the following day, and repeated the visit at a very brief interval of time, when she imparted to Nelly a project she had conceived; it was that Ida should be allowed to assist her in her work, thereby not only earning at once a small sum weekly, but with a prospect of obtaining an insight into a trade which, at some future time, might be extremely advantageous to her.

"She'll be quite worth that to me, I assure you," Mrs. Stocker went on to say. "The fact is, I've been wanting this long while to have a girl as could help me; but they're so awkward, and there's so few of 'em can be trusted. Now, your little thing has just the knack of it wonderfully, and it's my belief she'd take to it wonderful. Anyway, I'm willing to risk it, and if you don't mind trusting her with me."

That was the difficulty. The mother had so accustomed herself to look upon the child as something too precious to be trusted out of her sight, and had been made to feel so terribly her first deviation from the habit, that she felt scarcely any inducement sufficient.

Her new acquaintance spoke wholesome counsel;—of how little to the child's own welfare it could prove that she should be so secluded from the world, in which she must eventually mix; how few callings there were from which she was not wholly disqualified. "Poor dear," she added, kindly, "no blame to her; but in this, you see, it might make little odds, her being so handy; and, between me and you, it's none so bad a trade. You see, there are few catch at the knack of tastiness—and it's just having the ready fingers; and then the connection is something. It isn't what I do for the ordinary folks at the theatre; they wouldn't pay; but there's two or three of our first-raters that I work for. I've got into their ways, and they wouldn't part with me on no account, both as regards their dresses and their ornaments. So you know all about it now, and if you can make up your mind, it will please her, poor child, and a little help to you; for, of course, she'd take all her meals with me."

Those last words sent a pang to the heart of the mother. Her table, poor as it was, deprived of the solace of her darling's presence—it seemed impossible to consent; yet, again, she was not insensible to the thought that the child would doubtless fare very much better with the good-natured woman who had taken a fancy to her than she could out of their scanty earnings.

Mrs. Stocker attributed her hesitation, apparently, to another source. "You needn't be afraid of her meeting anybody there you'd object to; I'm mostly alone the whole blessed day. Bill is seldom at home but of Sunday nights, for he's wanting as much days as nights, and not a soul comes but maybe a lady now and again from the theatre, to give some directions. Then, you know, you would come for her, or I'd bring her here before six. Come, now, you'll think of it, and not stand in the child's way; she's so longing to make herself useful."

So it was settled that little Ida should go to Mrs. Stocker, to be her assistant in the stringing of pearls, and the holding of threads, and sorting of beads, and silks, and what not.

It was not ten minutes' walk from the lodgings in Goswell-road, yet Nelly took her there, and left her with a beating heart.

"How strange!" she thought, as she returned to her solitary home. "This has come of that good-for-nothing fellow scheming for my ring. How very strange things come to pass!" To be continued.

A WORD IN SEASON.—Never be cast down by trifles. If a spider breaks his thread twenty times, twenty times will he mend it again. Make up your mind to do a thing in compass, and you will do it. Fear not if trouble comes upon you; keep up your spirits, though the day be a dark one.

FALSE AND FAIR.

BY FINLEY JOHNSON.

'Tis true thine eyes are like the stars,
That deck the brow of night;
Thy form is grace its very self,
So beautiful and bright.
And when I hear thy voice, it falls
Like music on my heart;
But yet I bow not at thy shrine,—
I know how false thou art.

Thy laugh is sweet and musical,
Like zephyrs midst the flowers;
Thy steps are like a young gazelle's,
Among fair nature's bowers;
And germs of hope, and faith, and love,
Around thy footsteps start;
Alas! thy victims soon shall find
How false and frail thou art.

Oh, yes, thou art most beautiful,
But false as thou art fair;
And all in vain thou spread'st nets
To lure me to thy snare;
I know thee well—thou art as fair
As Paradise can be;
But, oh, thou ne'er shalt have power
To triumph over me.

FIGHT WITH A POLAR BEAR.

BY EMERSON BENNETT.

During a recent interview with an old acquaintance, who has spent several years of his life on board a northern whaler, he related several exciting incidents of his perilous career, and, among the rest, the subjoined terrible encounter with a polar bear.

"One day," said the narrator, quoting his language from where the interest of the present relation really begins, "as several of us stood looking at a very beautiful iceberg, which was slowly drifting away to leeward, I fancied I saw something move upon it, and remarked the same to my companions.

"'Oh, blast your eyes, Ned,' replied one with a laugh, 'you're always seeing something wonderful, and no doubt you'll try to persuade us now that some greasy Icelander, or Greenlander, or some other heathen, is off on a voyage of discovery!'

"'Well, no one knows better than you, Tom, that my eyes have once, at least, done good service, since, if it had not been for them, on the night you were knocked overboard, you would long since have been food for fishes.'

"'Right there, shipmate; but what do you make it out? I can't see anything but a mass of ice.'

"'I can only assert I see something move on the ice,' I answered; 'I will not pretend to say what it is at this distance without the aid of a glass.'

"'I don't see anything,' was the response of several others in succession.

"'A white bear!' observed the mate, who had overheard my first remark, and now stood quietly looking at the object through a telescope.

"This announcement produced quite a sensation on board, and elicited several witticisms at the expense of the formidable animal, which was thus navigating the ocean in so novel a manner, solitary and alone.

"'Wonder where he's bound?' said one.

"'Like to see his log!' said another.

"'He shouldn't get overheated,' observed a third.

"'S'pect he isn't hard on the helm!' remarked a fourth.

"'He's got *an ice* time of it, at least!' put in a punster.

"For the last two or three days we had not had any special excitement, and several of us were eager for some daring adventure. We asked leave to go in quest of the bear, and our captain, one of the kindest-hearted men in the world, assented, but with several words of caution, which I fear were too much disregarded. Our vessel was run down to what was considered a safe distance, and hove-to, and ten of us, armed with guns, pistols, axes, spears, harpoons, boathooks, &c., pulled away merrily for the scene of action.

"We all of us knew something of the nature and power of the beast we were going to attack—that the white bear of the polar regions is the largest, most ferocious, and formidable of all his species—for, besides what we had seen of the animal, we had heard thrilling yarns of actual encounters, and hair-breadth escapes, and bloody catastrophes; but for all this we pulled forward with the light-hearted recklessness of sailors, and more especially whalers, who carry their lives so much in their hands, and get so used to dangers, as not to feel contented in perfect security.

"For myself, as we neared the mighty floating fabric of the polar regions—built without hands by one of the immutable laws of the Great Architect of Nature—stretching its glittering towers, and domes, and pinnacles, and spires, far up into the clear sunlight, which was flashed back, as from mirrors and prisms, with a brightness and gorgeousness that made it seem a fairy palace of silver and gold and precious gems,—I confess I for a time forgot the object of our expedition, and yielded my senses to a sort of rapt contemplation of the beauty, grandeur and glory of the icy structure before me.

"'There she blows!' was the jocular remark of the boatswain, recalling me to myself.

"We had been approaching at an angle which had hid the bear from our view; but at the moment of the exclamation, we had just turned a point from which Bruin again became visible. He was sitting in a sort of niche, about fifteen feet above the water, and looking very contented and unconcerned, till he got a sight of us in such close proximity, when he seemed to suddenly change his placidity into a condition of temper more befitting the ferocious brute he really was, growling hoarsely, showing his teeth, and thus giving us fair warning that we might expect trouble should we venture to assail him on his own domain.

"He was indeed a most formidable-looking antagonist—measuring at least twelve feet in length, with a corresponding height, breadth and bulk—and I remember wondering what chance a man would have for his life if once fairly within the stroke of his tremendous paw. I know that the lion of Asia and Africa is acknowledged to be the king of beasts and lord of the wilderness; but I am inclined to believe he does not compare in either strength or ferocity with this dangerous monster of the polar seas.

"As our boat was brought round in front of the brute, at the distance of some two hundred yards, I ventured to advise the laying on our oars, and holding a sort of council-of-war, before proceeding to an attack which clearly promised to be a most dangerous one indeed; but my suggestion was unheeded—the boatswain confidently asserting there would be little or no danger in advancing close and pouring in a volley, as the beast would be too badly wounded from so many balls to do us any harm, even if not killed outright.

"So we rowed up to within perhaps seventy-five yards—the bear grinning and growling at us all the while—and then the boat was brought round, broadside to, and every man took up his gun and got ready to fire at the word. Sailors, as a general thing, are not good marksmen, and I readily calculated that not more than half our balls would hit the beast, even at that short distance, and thought it more than doubtful if either one of the balls, or all combined, would give him a mortal wound. But I was not the commander, and had only to obey orders; and so, taking the best aim I could, I fired with the rest, and had the instant mortification and alarm of seeing the savage animal leap from his perch into the water, and make directly toward us, swimming with a swiftness and vigor that showed he was more angered than hurt.

"All was now confusion and dismay, even the boldest and coolest getting fearfully excited. We knew how to manage whales, but we had not served an apprenticeship at attacking polar bears, and every man now thought of the worst story he had ever heard of the almost fabulous power and ferocity of the beast. If he should reach us, what might he not do?



"'Give way, lads! give way! for the love of God, give way!' shouted the boatswain.

"It needed no incentive but his own personal danger to make every man do his best; but a single minute's labor convinced us that we could not escape in this manner—for though we were sending the little boat over the light waves at its greatest speed, we could see that the bear was gaining on us at every stroke.

"It was now arranged that a part should keep at the oars, and all the rest be ready with our axes, knives, pistols, and so forth, to assail the monster as soon as he should come within reach. Our guns, already discharged were useless, nobody seeming to think it worth while to reload them. It was my lot to be stationed at the stern, armed only with an ax; and as I stood and watched the gradual approach of the beast, coming up nearer and nearer, shaking his head, showing his teeth, and growling savagely, between each lap of the cross-waves, I thought it not improbable that I should be the first to feel his vengeance, and my friends, in their far-off home, be left to mourn the untimely death of the wanderer. But with all this I felt no disposition to shrink from the danger, and stood prepared to do my duty, and die, if I must, like a man and not a coward. Pale I was unquestionably, but I knew I was calm externally, and I grasped my weapon with a firmness and determination that I flatter myself did me no little credit. You think perhaps I am making a mountain of a mole-hill; but just wait till you are placed in the same situation before a ferocious polar bear, and then decide which takes the most courage, to stand firmly and quietly there, or force a battery of cannon.

"On came the beast, blowing, snorting and growling, his eyes in his anger looking like balls of fire; and as he came up within a few feet, I swung my ax for a blow at his skull. But at this moment some of the men behind me commenced firing their pistols at his head, which seemed to disconcert him a little and check his progress. The men at the oars, encouraged by this, now pulled with a will, and began to increase the distance between ourselves and the animal, which now seemed undecided whether to continue the pursuit or beat a retreat.

"There is no doubt, if we had kept steadily on, that we might have escaped—as the bear, without being further molested, would probably have returned to the iceberg; but the very instant he showed hesitation, we all became fixed in a resolve to conquer at all hazards; besides, two other boats were now putting off from the ship, and we were not disposed to see another party triumph in our place. We had a harpooner with us, who was anxious to try his skill, and we now gave him a chance. With the precision of a master of his art, he hurled his weapon through the air, and buried it just back of the fore-shoulders of the beast. With a perfect howl of pain and rage, the bear half leaped from the water, and then plunged forward for his revenge, fairly lashing the waters into foam.

"We saw there was no chance of escaping by flight now, and therefore did not attempt it, but every man seized upon some weapon and prepared himself to fight it out to the death. As the furious beast came up near enough for my blow, I struck with all my might, aiming for his skull, just as he was in the act of seizing the gunnel with his teeth; but at that moment the boat rocked, my foot slipped, my mark was missed, and I was pitched head-foremost into the water, almost into his very clutches. Fortunately for me he was so intent upon attacking the men collectively, as not to perceive there was one already in his power; and retaining my presence of mind, and being a good swimmer, I immediately dove, passed under the boat, and scrambled in again near the bow.

"The fight meantime had become quite desperate on both sides. The men, being huddled together in a small space, were having as much as they could possibly do, with all their weapons, to keep the ferocious beast from crushing or upsetting the boat, or lacerating them with his teeth and claws; and the bear on his part, being determined upon his revenge at all hazards, was making constant efforts to throw himself into the boat, right in the teeth of blows from axes and boat-hooks, and thrusts from knives and spears. By one bold, rapid movement, he did succeed in getting one foot over the gunnel, when, before he could make good use of this advantage, one of the men, by a well directed blow with his axe, chopped it clean off. Even this seemed rather to madden than daunt the brute, and he continued his assaults with more fury than ever.

"At length, when, covered with blood and wounds, his efforts began to slacken, as if growing too weak to maintain the unequal contest, and we were beginning to congratulate ourselves that at last the victory was ours—just at this moment, by what impulse or power I never could conceive, the dying monster, with a hoarse awful roar, that rings in my ears yet, suddenly leaped half out of the water, and came down with his fore-quarters upon the stern of the boat, crushing it as if it were a mere cockle-shell, knocking down two of the men, seizing one poor fellow in his teeth, and pitching the rest of us into the sea, and some of us into his very clutches.

"Merciful God! what shouts and screams, and what a scene of wild confusion, as each man sought to save himself, regardless of every other! and oh! what a wild, despairing, appalling shriek came from the poor fellow whose very bones were now being crunched in the jaws of the monster! No human power could save him, and no one changed his course to offer human aid. No one knew whose turn it might be next, and every man struck off for the approaching boats, to save himself.

"But the bear did not follow us. As if satisfied with his revenge, he remained almost stationary, growling over and crunching his victim, till the two boats, picking up the rest of us on the way, drew up near him and poured in a volley, which almost riddled him and ended the bloody contest.

"Then we collected the mangled remains of our poor comrade for decent burial, and towed the slaughtered monster to the vessel, every man secretly vowing he would never be caught in another foolhardy attack upon the animal lord of the polar regions."

TO A PICTURE.

BY ALICE CARY.

Is this all? all? my rose-red lips,
Where, where are your gentle sighs?
You have only one of your thousand lights,
My beautiful, beautiful eyes!

The same sweet brow, and dazzling hair—
On th' cheek the same warm glow—
Ah, come and be folded in mine again,
My dear little hands of snow!

O cruel death, wilt thou not yield
To the might of love like our's?
I have seen th' bleak cold earth in th' rain
Blaze wild and red with flowers!

Still, still. If ever I did you wrong
That your tender love concealed,
Break, this silence, life of my life,
And say that the wound is healed!

See, see! I am on my knees! no flush
In th' cheek? in the pulse, no start?
O come from the canvas and make me live—
Come, come to me, heart of my heart!

One sign! my little white hands! one word,
My rose-red mouth! tho' it kill—
Change, change, my darling, your smile to a frown—
Be any thing, but so still.

TRAVELING ITEMS FOR GENTLEMEN.

Gentlemen, are any of you insane enough to leave your quiet, cosy homes, this fiery-furnace weather, just for the pleasure of going tearing about the country, at the heels of a red-hot locomotive, or under the boiler of a steamboat warranted not to "blow up" oftener than three times a year? Of course we know perfectly well that you wouldn't undertake any such wild-goose chase on your own account. You never go on shooting expeditions, scrambling up mountains as steep as the side of a house, with a knapsack heavy enough to sink the Great Eastern strapped to your luckless shoulders, and come back mosquito scarred, and tattered, with a discharge or so of powder in your leg, and three months' lease of fever and ague. You never go fishing, and work harder than a dozen laborers, to catch a miserable little stickleback, or a consumptive minnow, and call it "capital sport!" You don't believe in yachting and boating and camping-out, and all that sort of thing. Not you—*you* know when you're well off. But your wives, more's the pity, are not generally so sensible; they are sure to want to go somewhere, just when the weather is most intolerable, and you feel most like retreating into the delights of white-linen suits and back-piazza cigars. You can't box their ears, and send them to bed, as you serve the children when they cry for sugar-candy—you can't tell them to "call some other time," as you do the man with the grocer's bill You are swamped high and dry, between two alternatives—either to submit to a regimen of tears, hysterics and cold tea, or to let the dear unreasonable angels have their own way. Of course, if you are not a brute, you will adopt the latter arrangement—if you *are* a brute, you needn't read this article! But before you start, (taking our former assumption for granted,) it will be well to note down a few little memoranda.

Put your wife on an allowance of band-boxes and brown paper parcels. Tell her you don't carry but one hat, and she ought to be content with three bonnets. Insist on having a fair share of the trunk-room. She'll probably try to persuade you that half a dozen collars and two pair of stockings are all the baggage you need. That is to secure a little more space for her own silks and tarletans. Don't fall into the snare, however, but stand up for your rights like a man. Decline to dine upon cold liver and potatoes the day you leave town. If she won't give you anything fit to eat, threaten to go to a restaurant. The fear of your missing the train will conjure up a nice broiled chicken with truly magical quickness. Give her to understand that the cars start an hour earlier than the period affixed to the time-table—then you will stand a tolerably good chance of getting the band-boxes to the station with some sort of promptitude. If there happens to be any travelling basket in her luggage that you particularly dislike, offer politely to take charge of it, and contrive to forget it out on the platform. Then, when you are about thirty miles *en route*, say nonchalantly, "By the way, my dear, where did you put that covered basket?" Thus you will escape both basket and blame! If she exhibits any symptoms of having the headache, or becoming hysterical, seek officiously for the camphor-bottle, and upset the peppermint vial on her new travelling-dress. Depend upon it, you'll hear no more of headache, until the mischief is repaired. A woman's dress is of vital consequence—her head, merely secondary. Have your wits about you, when it becomes necessary to change cars, as this is the time to leave behind all cumbersome shawls, bouquets and magazines. Pretend not to hear, when your wife asks you to get her a glass of water at a stopping-place, and say, "Did you speak, dear?" when the train gets fairly under way again. If she is cross, whistle—if she is inconveniently talkative, go to sleep. Declare that it is impossible for you to travel without the window open; if she object to it, on the ground of coal dust injuring her bonnet, suggest, pleasantly, that she take it off, as you do your hat. If she asks for change to buy peaches, give her a three-cent piece, and assert that you haven't anything else, short of a gold eagle. When the chances of travel lodge you upon a steamboat, go out on deck, and smoke a cigar, but tell your wife that she had better remain in the cabin, as deck isn't exactly the place for ladies. Mention, incidentally, that another boat is fast gaining on you, and you *hope* the captain won't be imprudent enough to race! Nobody who has not practiced all these pretty little ways of amusing himself, can imagine the effect they produce on a nervous female. After one or two repetitions, the most adventurous wife is thankful to stay quietly at home. You may safely invite her to accompany you to Newport, or Saratoga—she will assuredly decline, and you will get the credit of being the best husband alive!

It's so easy to manage a woman, if you only know how!

MRS. GEORGE WASHINGTON WYLLYS.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

[All the Questions under this head are actually received by us through the mail. We state this because we learn that many persons have supposed some of them to be *manufactured* for the purpose of adapting the answers to them. They are all genuine, written evidently in good faith, and answered to the best of our ability.]

SCOTLAND.—This correspondent is a young gentleman who now lives in a country town, but is about to remove to a large city. He says that as he is familiarly acquainted with every one in his native place, he has no embarrassment in the society of any of them, and always knows what to say. If he wishes to hand a lady down to supper, or to go home with her from church, or to accompany her to a lecture, he just asks her, *right out*, in the language most natural to him. He simply says, "May I go to supper with you?" or, "Will you allow me to walk home with you to-night?" or, "Would you like to go with me to the lecture next Tuesday?" Language of this kind, he thinks, may do well enough for the country, but he has an idea that in the city society is so extremely refined that he must use forms of speech far more elegant than those to which he has been accustomed. Our correspondent is doubly mistaken. In the first place, it is a mistake to suppose that society in the city is more refined than society in the country. But his great mistake lies in thinking that it is usual in refined society to use uncommon or very elegant language. On the contrary, it is vulgar and half-refined people who use striking and unusual words. Refined people employ simple and often homely language. All kinds of *showing off* are an abomination in their eyes, and they use simple words because they are themselves simple and sincere. We advise our correspondent to give himself no further concern about his phrases, but use the natural language of an honest and good-natured countryman.

ALIEN.—A foreigner desiring to become a citizen of the United States, must reside during five successive years in the United States, and one year in the State or territory by whose courts he is naturalized previous to his admission, and prove such residence, and also his possessing a good moral character, by witnesses before the court to which he applies for his papers of naturalization. He must declare his intention to become a citizen of the United States, before one of the federal courts, or higher state or territorial courts, at least two years before his admission, and when the five years have elapsed, and he applies for admission, he must take an oath to support the Constitution of the United States, and renounce all allegiance to any foreign power whatever, and particularly to the one of which he has been a subject. The naturalization of parents is sufficient to entitle all their children under twenty-one years of age, and who continue to reside in the United States, to the rights of citizenship on attaining their majority, without any express act of naturalization in regard to them. Persons who are minors when they come to the United States, and whose parents have not been naturalized, must reside in this country for three successive years next preceding their arrival at the age of twenty-one, and two years immediately succeeding that time, and take the required oath, and prove that they have resided in the United States during that period, and also that they are of a good moral character.

UNCLE SAM.—"Has any policeman," asks Uncle Sam, "a right to call me from my stoop, at one o'clock in the morning, and ask me what I am doing?" Certainly he has, if he does not know who you are. At that hour a policeman who *is* a policeman will satisfy himself as to the character and designs of everybody who even so much as lurks on the sidewalk. An honest man, who has any sense, will applaud the vigilance of a policeman who does so, even though it may put him to a momentary inconvenience. People who are on stoops at one A. M., are *generally* there for no good purpose; and you would doubtless think you had good cause for complaint should your house be robbed by a man whom a policeman had seen lurking "on your stoop at one o'clock in the morning," without taking any steps to ascertain who he was or why he was there.

HONEST COUNTRYMAN.—We wonder if there is in the world a more deplorable object than a family cursed with a drunken father. Honest Countryman writes, that from the time he was nine years old until now, when he is twenty-one, he has worked to supply his mother with the necessaries of life, while his father has squandered his time "at the grocery, drinking and loafing around," having lost all pride in himself, and all regard for the happiness of his family. He is now trying to drive away his son, probably because the presence of such a son is a reproach to him. Honest Countryman must still stick to his mother. He will never regret it, nor will he ever be the worse for it.

SCHOOLBOY.—The word, perfect, does not admit of comparison. The sentence given you to correct ("His work was perfect, his brother's more perfect, and his father's the most perfect of all,") cannot be corrected; it has no meaning. If you must try to correct it, do so by drawing your pen through the whole of it.

INQUIRER.—Gen. John C. Fremont is a native of South Carolina. His mother was a Virginian lady, and his father a native of France. He is a graduate of Charleston College. He has resided during the last few years in California, where he owns a large tract of gold-bearing land.

CARRIE AND BERTHA.—Ladies who feel that they have been slighted by a gentleman, should express their displeasure by reserve of manner rather than by words. Nothing from a lady is so cutting to a man as unexplained coolness.

ENESTUS.—Promotion in the navy of the United States is very slow in time of peace, because the officers rise only as vacancies occur by death or resignation. The pay of passed midshipman is $750 per annum; of midshipman not passed, $400.

M. C. H.—Obey your parents until you are old enough to act for yourself. If the young lady only wants you to attend her to parties the loss will not be great if she does "take up with some one else."

ZOUAVE.—Almost any work on military tactics will furnish you with the information which can be derived from books; but the regular drill is the only school in which you can become perfect in evolutions. Military discipline tends to keep together a large number of armed men, causing them to act as one man without confusion, and consequently without being exposed to panics, which arise from mutual want of confidence and from confusion. Even when the several corps of soldiery have not previously seen each other, all being modelled upon the same system, nothing is requisite but that the general should issue his orders, to set the entire living machine in motion, and direct the whole concentrated force upon the weak point of the adversary. If from any circumstance the discipline of the soldiers should, even slightly, be neglected, the same men who a short time previous were invincible, become transformed into a disorderly crowd, useless, and easily susceptible of a panic, because each man feels that he can no longer depend upon the others. The valor of men in masses is not to be measured by the standard of the individual courage of each man. All experience teaches that men, individually brave, intelligent, and even dexterous in the use of weapons, make poor troops when united into masses unless they are well organized and disciplined; while men individually cowards, make, when united into well-organized and disciplined masses, excellent soldiers. The man of individual courage, forming part of a mass not well organized and disciplined, feels that he cannot depend upon his companions, and that he individually cannot resist the enemy· and when this sentiment pervades a regiment, it becomes disheartened and behaves cowardly, though the men composing it be each brave and patriotic. On the other hand, a man wanting in personal bravery, acquires a degree of courage when he feels sure of the support of his companions, and besides that, when he finds himself in a mass of other men whom he feels will not run from the enemy, he will not venture to display his fear, for it will be a matter of less personal danger to stand firm in his place, than to risk a chance shot from his own party for behaving in a cowardly manner. In short, courage in soldiers is a matter of *confidence in their companions and officers rather than in themselves*, and this can only be obtained by organization and discipline.

COUNTRY GIRL says, "Some time since a gentleman asked me to become his wife, but under the embarrassment of the occasion I answered, from my lips, no, when his image had been enshrined in my heart for years. I deeply regretted my false answer, but the Rubicon was passed, and there was no retreat. Not disheartened, however, he continued his visits, but at our last interview he told me that he loved me more than ever before, but in consequence of pecuniary embarrassments, he could not, in justice to me or to himself, ask me again to become his wife." She then asks, "if he had loved me as he professed, would he not have asked my promise for the future, and when his fortunes were retrieved, come to claim my hand?" It seems to us that a sensible, intelligent girl might determine from the attention paid her by a gentleman whether he was in earnest or not, and decide in her own mind to accept or reject him as she thought proper. On his declaring his passion, she should act in accordance with this decision, and thus avoid after regret and sorrow. As you had rejected him once, your lover probably did not care uselessly to risk a second refusal, as he was not then in a position to marry; but if he really loves you, he may choose to ask you again; if he does, tell him frankly what your sentiments toward him really are.

M. P.—We will answer your questions in the order in which they are put. 1. On opening a set of books, the account representing the firm should be headed "Stock Account," and not with the firm name. Make this account Cr. by cash, merchandise, notes, and other capital of the firm, and Dr. to all the liabilities. 2. Rent, and other expenses of the store, should be charged in "Expense Account;" and all merchandise, cash, or other articles, drawn from the store by either member of the firm, in that person's "Private Account." 3. All receipts and disbursements of cash should be entered in "Cash Book," and also in the "Cash Account." 4. All borrowed capital should be credited in "Stock Account" to the person of whom it is borrowed. 5. When a note is given for goods, "Bills Payable" should be made Dr. to "Mdse.," and the firm to whom the note is given is ascertained from the "Note Book." When the note is paid, "Bills Payable" is credited by cash, or by whatever is given in exchange for the note. 7. Yes; each member of the firm should have his private account in the Ledger, in addition to the Stock Account which represents the firm.

HULDAH.—The Duke of Kent, who was the father of Queen Victoria, *would* have been King of England if he had lived long enough. The way in which his daughter came to be entitled to the throne was as follows: The eldest son of George III. was his successor, George IV. George IV. had but one child, the celebrated Princess Charlotte, who died before her father. Upon her death, the heir to the throne was the Duke of York, the second son of George III. But the Duke of York dying before George IV., William, Duke of Clarence, the third son of George III., succeeded. At the death of William IV., who left no legitimate issue, the Duke of Kent, the fourth son of George III., would have ascended the throne if he had been alive. As he was not, his daughter Victoria inherited his claim, and became queen.

MINNESOTA says he has a farm, also a wife, who is the daughter of a rich farmer. His farm is not yet in a cultivated state, and his means are only sufficient to procure him a scanty supply of furniture with which to "keep house." His father-in-law has only bestowed upon him the sum of eight dollars, whereas he expected "a respectable setting out," and he now desires to know whether he should accept "any more of their small gifts," or keep himself independent of them. Be independent; go to work on your farm; be industrious and economical; and you can soon be in comfortable circumstances without their aid.

ADELPHOS says he has addressed a lady three distinct times, and has been refused each time, although she says she loves him and bids him hope for the future. She has also, during their imtimacy, refused several good offers of marriage, yet he does not know what to do, but wishes us to tell him. It strikes us that the assurances of her love, and her rejection of the other suitors, are favorable circumstances. "Adelphos" had better follow her injunction and "hope for the future."

G. S.—A handbill cannot properly be called literature. The word literature has not a very exact meaning, but is usually understood to signify composition of a certain excellence and permanent value. The Latin word, *literatura*, signified the act of forming letters, or writing, and hence came to mean scholarship, learning, literature. The composition of an uneducated person cannot be literature, because the word implies correctness.

PORT JERVIS.—The great bell of Moscow, cast in 1653 by order of the Empress Anne, weighs 221 tons. It is nineteen feet high and nearly sixty-four feet in circumference. This monster bell has never been hung, and probably never will be. The heaviest bell in England, which is in Yorkminster, weighs less than fourteen tons, and measures about twenty-two feet in circumference.

MIDSHIPMAN.—The title of Commodore is not known in the American navy, except by courtesy. The senior captain of a fleet commands the fleet, and is usually called Commodore, with the pay of $4000 per annum. The pay of other captains, while in active service, is $3500; while absent on leave, $2500; absent on furlough, $1250.

SCHOOL-BOY.—When doctors differ, disciples may do as they please. There are two opinions with regard to bread. Some writers aver that the kind called Graham bread, made of flour from which the bran has not been sifted, is the most suitable to the human stomach. Nevertheless, most of us eat the other sort, doctors and all.

B. E.—A young lady who would divulge what is told her in confidence, and then be guilty of a falsehood in denying the fact, is unworthy the love of any gentleman. You should be perfectly sure of the facts, however, before acting upon them.

MARYSVILLE.—Do not marry a gentleman whom you do not love, merely because one whom you *did* love has married. You may yet meet with another whom you will love as well as you did your former lover. Time works many changes.

SUBSCRIBER.—If you are out of employment, and almost tired of life, do not be content with the knowledge which you mention, but apply yourself to adding to your stock while you have leisure. It may be useful to you hereafter.

S. C. V.—We never disclose the names of correspondents, the place from which they write, or anything at all about them. Everything is in the strictest confidence; so your application is useless.

READER.—The last syllable in such names as Themistocles, Pericles, Sophocles, is pronounced clese. Aristophanes has the accent on the third syllable.

NEW LONDON.—The birthplace of Aaron Burr was Newark, New Jersey; of which place his father was the Presbyterian minister.

C. S. L.—Your question seems to us rather ridiculous. —2 cannot equal +2, because the former is 2 less than nothing, and the latter 2 more than nothing.

ELBA.—The pay of Lieutenant General Winfield Scott, including rations and other allowances, is $770 per month.

_ *Several letters stand over to be answered in our nex.*